THE
NATION

MARCH 21, 1959 . . 25c

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SEX as a SELLING AID

Mr. Murrow Lifts the Lid

Eve Merriam

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THE REBIRTH OF KRUPP

James Stewart Martin

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LETTERS

Mr. Lieberman's Critique: Pros and Cons

Dear Sirs: The two recent articles by Myron Lieberman ["Four Myths Cripple Our Schools," Feb. 28; "Let Educators Run Our Schools," March 7] have been among the most thought-provoking articles on public education which I have read for a long time. I am particularly impressed by (and agree with) his thesis that national control of education is not *per se* bad. The important question is: Under a national system, who would the policy-makers be, what would be their professional background, and by whom would they be selected?

I am impressed by *The Nation*'s understanding of such questions.

WILLIAM H. FISHER
Superintendent of Schools
Las Vegas, Nev.

Dear Sirs: I don't know how attention can be focused on Mr. Lieberman's articles. But I do know that he has made the most sensible statement on the subject of local control of public education that I have ever seen.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS
President, The Fund for the Republic
New York City

Dear Sirs: Professor Myron Lieberman correctly distinguishes a simple yet crucial cause of most of the backwardness in America's public schools today: a lack of money. Much more emphasis must be given (and I hope he gives it) to the central problem of raising these needed funds. The substitution of a broadly based tax structure for the present discriminatory taxes on real property for the support of schools seems to me the unqualified first step in overcoming the dollar deficiency. Local property owners are asked, unfairly, to contribute an increasingly greater share of the financial burden of school support, while an overly large percentage of the population that escapes paying any direct educational tax increases in size. Little wonder the overburdened often take out their resentment by supporting ill-founded, emotional criticisms of their schools. In our local school system, there live actually millions of people, not unwilling nor unable to support financially public education, who never have been asked directly to do so.

Unfortunately, a federal education tax has gained little support among educators. For instance, much of the content of courses in school administration, as well as the efforts of teacher's organizations, are devoted to the public-relations problem of discovering techniques to create a public-spirited or non-hostile acquiescence to the further extension of property taxation, rather than laboring for taxation reform. Seldom is any radical or essential change of the present tax structure seriously broached by educators. A revolutionary, yet simple, idea such as a provision for an educational-tax section in the federal income-tax form, which would make each person responsible for the financial support of public education to the best of his ability, receives at best cold indifference. This, I feel, reflects the characteristic conservatism of teacher groups toward the financing of schools.

Rightly enough, there seems small chance for such tax equity as long as the myth of local control perpetuates an obsolete economics. In turn, without a fundamental change in the tax structure, how can the myth be destroyed?

PATRICK GROFF
Assistant Professor of Education
San Diego State College
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Myron Lieberman's articles are the best and most easily understood explanation of our school problem I have seen anywhere.

W. C. MEYER
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Lieberman's frontal attack on our local-control system of public education is a perfect example of "throwing out the baby with the bath." He mentions only the weaknesses, not the benefits, of a system which has raised American schools to the peak they now occupy among school systems the world over.

Its chief weakness can be corrected by Federal Aid to Education, which can equalize educational opportunity in the poorer states. . . . If Dr. Lieberman read some of the studies of the Institute of Administrative Research at Teachers College, Columbia University, he would see that local control, however cumbersome, encourages initiative and innovation and gets the best returns for the dollars spent.

(MRS.) CLARA BLITZER
New York City

For Your Files?

Dear Sirs: I have hundreds of issues of *The Nation* accumulated since about 1950. If any individual or library should want them, I will be glad to ship them collect.

LEON SCHUMAN
130 Bainbridge Road
West Hartford, Conn.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1959
VOLUME 188, No. 12

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The War Between the States

As the war now stands, the principal antagonists are the sovereign states of New York and California, and the front lines are held by their respective delegations in Congress. It is always difficult to discover who started a war, but in this instance California seems to be entitled to its well-known reputation for initiative. On January 19, the California delegation in the House formed a united-front committee pledged to halt the loss of defense contracts by the state's industries, electing Rep. Harry R. Sheppard (Dem.-Yucaipa) as chairman. Rep. Donald Jackson (Rep.-Santa Monica) pointed out that an aircraft manufacturer in his district had fallen from third place in the national ranking to thirty-seventh place, while Rep. Chet Holifield (Dem.-Montebello) complained that an aircraft manufacturer in *his* district faced contract cutbacks. Rep. John F. Shelley (Dem.-San Francisco) charged that Senators Magnuson and Jackson of Washington were trying to divert California's defense business to their state.

As in every war, solidarity on one side provoked solidarity on the other. Senators Jacob K. Javits and Kenneth B. Keating, Republicans of New York, began drafting a bill to increase the number of contracts awarded on the basis of competitive bidding, and took steps to form a bipartisan committee of Senators and Representatives from New York to "check on available defense contracts, inform contractors of opportunities and seek the Administration's cooperation." Thereupon the California delegation adopted a resolution accusing "New York interests" of trying to "pirate" defense contracts from the West Coast. Mr. Keating termed this "preposterous," and pointed out that, according to Defense Department statistics, $20.3 billion worth of defense contracts out of a total of $24.0 billion awarded during fiscal 1958 was placed without formal bidding. This was under the "systems engineering" approach which, if not invented by California, is as dearly beloved there as the sunshine. Systems engineering holds that modern weapons are so complex that the Defense Department has no choice but to turn procurement over to a trusted prime contractor who, more often than not, is in California.

If there are any neutrals in this war, they might ask a pointed question. When Congressmen cry out for larger defense spending, is it defense they really want—or business, profits and employment for their home districts (i.e., votes for themselves)? It might look like the latter, but this cannot be so, for it was substantially what Nikita Khrushchev said a few days ago, and everything Nikita says must be a lie. In this instance, we only wish it didn't look so much like the truth.

Our Ally

If the average newspaper-reading American were asked to characterize Syngman Rhee, he would probably depict him as a selfless old man who has spent his life in the service of his country. He would no doubt also give thanks for Rhee's services as a military bulwark against the nefarious North Korean and Chinese Reds. And he would say that of course Rhee is a democrat. The truth is that Rhee, much like Chiang Kai-shek, has never hesitated to spill the blood of his countrymen in the service of his own ambitions. His idea of democracy is rule by thugs who beat up and murder his opponents. Every institution in South Korea is subservient to him, and his Supreme Court has upheld the sentence of death passed on Cho Bong Am, head of the outlawed opposition party, the Progressives, who twice ran against Rhee for the Presidency. South Korea has been in a state of acute political crisis since Rhee forced the passage of a so-called national-security law against subversives, a law which is actually designed to maintain a one-party state.

To cover up his atrocities, Rhee has raised a demagogic uproar against the Japanese, who tried to return to North Korea some Koreans, mainly paupers, who preferred life in North Korea to destitution in Japan. Back in 1953, on the ground that every man has the right to choose his own domicile, Rhee broke the Korean armistice agreement; now he threatens the use of force against the Japanese if they act on the same principle. If he

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had his way, the Korean War would promptly be resumed; all that stops him is American logistic control. He is an affliction to the American military advisers stationed in Korea, a burden to the American taxpayer and a menace to the peace of the Orient transcending even that of the Communists against whom he incessantly rants. The State Department helped to set him up as a dictator. Is it powerless to get rid of him? If so, all one can say is that we can cope with our enemies, but who will save us from our allies?

Foreign News Versus the Comics

The case of Syngman Rhee shows how readily the publicity media can create a stereotype of an individual (or a people) which has precious little connection with reality. Some phases of the general problem were discussed early in March at a meeting of about 100 newspaper, radio and television executives held under the auspices of the University of Missouri School of Journalism. One would conclude from the proceedings that, simply to shield the reader from facts which are unpleasant or disquieting, or which seem to call for some slight mental effort, the truth is sometimes distorted or, more often, evaded.

AP and UPI executives complained that their wire services were sending out far more foreign news than their clients were printing. AP's Frank J. Starzel said, in the words of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* that "Editors were prone to want the news served up in neat packages, set forth in terms of win or lose, black or white." He cited the case of a series of articles about Red China, written by Dr. Sripati Chandrasekhar, an anti-Communist Indian. Many papers failed to use the material. When the AP made inquiries, it was found that, although the series was anything but favorable to Red China, the editors felt it was not unfavorable enough. They feared that the few good things the writer reported—there were some—might be offensive to their readers. These editors may be right, and the capacity for self-deception of the American public may indeed be limitless. But if so, why are newspapers so widely read? Why don't the customers confine themselves to comic books, or TV Westerns? Why does the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch,* which does print the news, prosper year in, year out? "The readers stay uninterested because they never see the news," said one editor, and if that is not the whole explanation, it is at least a part of it.

Fast Work

Last week, in a cynical mood, we suggested that it would not be long before Congress acted to nullify the Supreme Court's 9-to-0 decision on February 24 upholding Internal Revenue Service regulations under which advertising for the purpose of lobbying is not tax-deductible. Hardly was the speculation in print before the legislation was introduced—by Rep. A. J. Forand, second ranking member of the strategic House Ways and Means Committee. The bill, H. R. 5193, would permit companies to deduct the expense of lobbying ads if related to a measure "duly submitted to the electorate on an issue affecting the business of the taxpayer." On its face a rather narrow escape hatch, it can easily be broadened in the course of hearings and debate. Ordinarily a measure introduced at this date would not have much chance of passage in a crowded legislative session, but we do not hesitate to predict that Mr. Forand's bill will be given the very highest priority. We are also confident that his timely rescue efforts will be given prompt and vigorous endorsement by a press which, with a few exceptions, ignored the Court's decision.

The Haitians Need Help

In the chaos that prevails in Haiti, American influence, prestige, good faith and self-interest, not to mention our capacity as a people to react to acute human suffering close at hand, are directly at stake. If this chaos is not to bring on a major disaster, two basic Haitian needs must be met at once. The first is for food. The arid northwest coast has had almost no rain since Hurricane Hazel struck the island in 1954. Trees stand stark and leafless; even the weeds are gone. There is very little money in circulation; people cannot afford medicine even at cost price; donkeys and other animals are starving—and nearly half of the four million Haitians who live in the area are not much better off than the donkeys. For us, food presents no problem; we might even save a few million dollars in warehouse charges by rushing some of our vast agricultural surpluses to the Haitians.

The other need, for political stability, cannot be solved so easily. President François Duvalier insists that we should make large loans and grants to his regime and, at the same time, take steps "to assume full responsibility for maintenance of peace in the Caribbean area." But even close supervision of large-scale American aid would not necessarily achieve political stability in Haiti. The country is in a state of siege. Four "oppositionists" have been killed by Duvalier's police thugs in recent weeks. Fully aware of Duvalier's shortcomings, the State Department has nevertheless decided to "shore up" his regime. Such a policy only compounds earlier mistakes. The legality of Duvalier's title to the Presidency will not stand inspection and he is now opposed by a broad coalition that represents two-thirds or more of the people. Like most dictators and usurpers, he is cordially hated. Moreover, Castro's victory in Cuba has not only strengthened Duvalier's opposition; it has provided them with a convenient base of operations only fifty miles away.

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Under the circumstances the State Department should abandon the notion of "shoring up" the Duvalier regime and negotiate an early "disengagement." A first step would be to withdraw the American military mission now in Port-au-Prince. It is not large, but even a single Marine on Haitian soil is interpreted by the Haitians as an indication of American support for Duvalier. Parallel with such a move, we should insist on early elections, under U.N. supervision, with proper safeguards against intimidation. To extend large-scale aid to Duvalier with no commitments on civil liberties and elections would be egregious folly.

What Haiti needs, we repeat, is food today, free elections tomorrow.

The American Way

The Chrysler Corporation announces that its small car is ready to roll, but adds (through spokesman-president L. L. Colbert) that it will not appear on the road until Ford and G.M. are also ready for the big plunge. Mr. Colbert, the contemporary model of American free enterprise, is not one of those hopped-up Horatio Alger chaps who love to catch the competition napping. A refined game of "After You, Alphonse" is more to his taste, and not all the Volkswagens from Bangor to Pasadena will turn him into a reckless captain of industry.

That Air Alert

The Congressmen who are telling the Strategic Air Command how to run its business do not have an impressive number of hours in the air. Apparently, if they had their way, something like half of our grand total of 2,000 bombers would always be flying. Thus we would supposedly be preserved from the imminent peril of a Russian air attack on our cities and bases. This is strategic nonsense; but since generals are taught to be polite to Congressmen, they seldom speak so baldly, at least in public. The truth is that the crews to maintain a substantial part of our bombers in the air do not exist. If they did, the only effect would be to wear out the bombers. An air force is not a squirrel cage which, if there are only enough squirrels, can be kept in continuous rotation. It is a vastly complex mechanical, electrical and electronic system which needs constant overhaul to keep it serviceable. If the system is overflown, it becomes unserviceable. Experts estimate that of the total bomber force, 200 to 400 (probably a number nearer the former) could be kept flying for any length of time, while with the present fifteen-minute ground alert, at least 600 are always ready to take off. For whatever deterrent value bombers have, the present system, under present conditions, is two or three times as effective as any which might satisfy the Congressional alarmists.

MR. MURROW LIFTS THE LID

SEX AS A SELLING AID . . *by Eve Merriam*

SUPPOSEDLY, Mrs. Samuel Johnson entered her husband's study one afternoon and discovered him with housemaid a-lap. "Why, Samuel," his wife exclaimed, "I am surprised!" "Not at all, my dear," he replied with the nicety of his lexicon background, "it was *I* who was surprised. *You* were astonished."

Many Americans continue to be astonished at the presence of prostitution in our culture, yet rarely is the profession surprised by law enforcement or by a determined citizens' campaign. This is probably not to be deplored, since prostitution per se is scarcely the pillar upon which the whole house of hell hinges.

During recent years the incidence of venereal disease has lessened to a considerable degree. This does not mean necessarily that trade is down, but rather that sulfanilimide is up. How prevalent is the trade as of today, U.S.A.? Statistics cannot of course be ascertained, but New York police records reveal that violations in the three fields that are customarily associated — prostitution, narcotics and gambling — were substantially higher in 1958 than in 1957. Since the total of arrests is always the merest-sized token, it is plausible to assume that unrecorded violations ran into complex figures.

The number of women, however, making their living directly from the life does not constitute a decisive voters' block; nor are call girls as influential as they would seem to be according to the glamorous build-up currently under way to make them out the Auntie Mames of the power trusts. Their work is not always steady, the clientele shifts, fees are erratic, there are obvious hazards, and take-home pay after what is given over to the procurer, pimp, landlord, and fancy and plain-clothes colleagues may average little more than a union job at a soberer trade. Even in the $100-an-engagement bracket, a few may be able to afford the mutation of mink, the culture of pearls and the couch of psychoanalysis, but they have not added to their charm bracelets any international oil combines or railroad and banking mergers.

They are engaged by industry, to

EVE MERRIAM, a close observer of the roles of the sexes in our society, is a frequent contributor. Her latest book is The Double Bed, *a collection of poems.*

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be sure: in an age of Organization Man there is a place for Accommodation Woman. Still, they are only one of many cogs that keep the big wheel spinning. On the whole, the rather commonplace device of using sex to advance business deals has, by now, been put in its modestly proper perspective by the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Deductible or non-deductible? That is the pertinent question about the wages of sin.

Therefore, to the majority of the audience that tuned in, the recent CBS documentary broadcast produced by Edward R. Murrow and entitled "The Business of Sex" came with all the shock value of last year's calendar. The information imparted —about the retaining of madams on monthly corporation payrolls, and the employment of climaxes to relieve tension and help climax sales— was strictly in the this-is-no-news department to any worldly listener. Understandably, the volume of mail and telephone responses ran very little higher than for any other sustaining show the network put forth, and the proportion of 80 per cent commendatory letters to 20 per cent opposed was about normal.

THE WORD *SEX*, though, contains built-in jumping beans, and the morning after the broadcast night, things began hopping. Loew's theatres in New York had a small-time picture, *Party Girl,* playing the neighborhoods. Immediately the exploitation office at headquarters swung into action with streamers and blow-ups proclaiming "All N.Y. Is Talking About That 'Party Girl' Radio Program." Television and night-club comedians set their gag writers to working on variations of what *Variety* referred to as "the three M's of the week—Madam, the Mann Act, and Edward R. Murrow." The Associated Press and United Press International each sent out a thousand-word report of the broadcast to their subscribers, and the New York *Post* published the entire fifty-five-minute script in installments over a four-day period.

Headlines from coast to coast had a gala; as charges and countercharges were hotly flung about, it got to be like real cool. The Hearst papers unleashed a congeries of reporters, columnists, cartoonists and editorial writers to demand that Murrow apologize for defaming business ethics, intimating that he might well be tried for treason, since his "unsupported smear against American enterprise, the prestige of New York City and the reputation of its police force" would be "a prize package for the propaganda machine of international communism." Against the broadcast's "unsupported" smear, they brought forward genuine rebuttal evidence produced by the *Journal-American's* own poll-taking. "'I have never seen the slightest bit of evidence in my firm or in any firms in the same field to support the statements made on this broadcast,' said one company spokesman." And, "'utterly unbelievable,' said the public-relations representative of another corporation. 'We would not even acknowledge that such unproved practices are encouraged or permitted anywhere.'" Finally, to crown the poll, "A public-relations man with one firm declared the picture Murrow attempted to portray is 'laughable. At the upper levels of big business today, everybody watches his step very carefully,' he said. 'Why, most of us are afraid to go to the races, let alone get involved with procuring women.'"

The senior citizens of the N.A.M. took off on another gambit of outrage. Never mind that Murrow was giving aid and comfort to Khrushchev; there was a more diabolic plot involved. Noting that this "innuendo, smear, snide implication and unsupported accusation" came from the man who had once dared attack Senator McCarthy, they warned that the broadcast was a Machiavellian attempt to divert public attention from the corruption of labor unions.

The Associated Press interviewed a sampling of executives in banking, manufacturing, oil, steel and utilities. Total result: out of twenty-two individuals queried, twenty-two replied that they had never heard of any company's employing prostitutes to increase business.

Lines of inquiry to police chiefs and mayors of cities across the country produced another overwhelming group of nays. On the West Coast, Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles: "I have no knowledge of such practices in Los Angeles"; Milwaukee's Police Captain Harry Kuszewski: "Those who come here for conventions, meetings and on business, and who feel desire for such things, complain that 'there's no fun available in Milwaukee — no girls available'"; Rochester (Deputy Police Commissioner John Rein speaking for the chief): "The call-girl situation here is very dim. We have very little, if any. We have a clean town"; U.S. Attorney Hubert L. Teitelbaum, in charge of the Pittsburgh district: "Certainly there are some indications that sex entertainment is afforded for business purposes. How widespread the practice is I do not know. I've never heard of anyone being on the payroll for that purpose."

Meanwhile, back in Manhattan where the broadcast had originated, everybody was, as *The New York Times* said, reacting in character. There was a surety about the step-by-step procedure, as with the dialogue leading up to the song numbers in a pre-*Oklahoma* musical comedy. While the-business-of-sex brouhaha lasted, a sweet nostalgia filled the air; you felt as though you were hearing a tune from the Jimmy Walker era played on an old hand-crank phonograph. The players in the charade were lovably familiar. There was the firm-jawed Police Commissioner, Stephen P. Kennedy, issuing a stern warning: "If sufficient evidence can be obtained against any businessman who is using call girls for business, he will be arrested and subjected to prosecution." And to aid in obtaining such information, the commissioner added an urgent appeal to the public: any employees of business organizations knowing of the call-girl system in their companies should get in touch with First Deputy Police Commissioner James R. (no relation) Kennedy by telephone or in writing. Dial direct CAnal 6-2491; mail orders receivable at headquarters.

Then there was the judiciously cautious judge's reaction. Said Chief Magistrate John M. Murtagh: "I could not help but feel that at least some of the material was based on impression rather than factual knowl-

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edge. . . . I have sometimes been asked where in the world the best job has been done about combatting the practice, and my answer has always been 'right here in New York.'"

There was the go-for-broke determination of the district attorney's office. Said James O'Leary, press secretary for District Attorney Frank S. Hogan: "We are going over the transcript of the broadcast to determine if anyone involved in the show, or any of those quoted, have any factual information about vice in New York. We're not concerned with vice anywhere else."

THERE were also the ruminative remarks of Earl Wilson, New York *Post*'s conductor of statistical surveys: "Fake! Fake! screamed B'way today about the big vice scandal . . . HOWEVER, I know personally that the wife of one Hollywood near-celebrity DID furnish herself and other girls from a deluxe 5th Ave. 'house'. . . . Another sharp girl 'auditioned' to 'book the talent' for a corporation—and made good, real good. And — for the deviationists — there was a 'call *boy* ring.' Credit cards — billing for drinks and dinners, not girls — were honored." (Mr. Wilson was recuperating nicely from the depressing effects of his recent trip to England, where he had been shocked by the open flaunting of sex for sale. "Brittania no longer rules the waves," he had summed up on his return to these shores. "Instead, she waives the rules — of conventional conduct and decency." Clearly, open solicitation in the streets was no way for a mother country to behave; it was good to be back home again with more daughterly items for his column.)

So the headlines huffed and puffed until even the tabloids got worn out from shouting. The topicality of the subject has palled; about the only place where its newsworthiness remains is in the novelty stores along Times Square where out-of-towners can purchase made-to-order newspapers with their names included in the headlines. At latest report, the best seller was still "Joe Doakes Hits Town; Call Girls Overworked."

To be sure, the use of sex as a commodity to help sell other commodities is not always a cause for merriment or *laissez faire* on the part of all members of American society. When the General Electric Supply Company sales convention of two years ago in Newark was revealed as having hired Nedda Bogart to furnish call girls as part of the company's standard kit for salesmen, many wives of the men who attended the convention became irate. The human electricity in the air had to be grounded, and it was: a huddle with a firm of top-notch public-relations counselors, and a positive rather than a negative approach was decided upon as best suiting the situation. Plans were formulated for at least one sales convention a year to include the wives from that time on. Moreover, it was arranged that these meetings be held at some fun-in-the-sun spot for the distaff side as well, such as Florida or Las Vegas. (There would be nothing improper about Las Vegas, surely, for the decree of 1906 had long been repealed; no longer did the district attorney's office post notices to the effect that "saloons maintaining or running in connection with places of prostitution or employing women to solicit trade on commission or otherwise, must pay a license of $500 in addition to the regular saloon license." Rather, the wives of the salesmen could enjoy the healthful outlook produced by the advent of cleaner H-bomb testing, where the Chamber of Commerce was sponsoring a young lady known as Miss Atomic Blast, attired in a Bikini, the bra featuring an 88-carat diamond called "Spellbound" and the panties displaying another gem entitled "Spirit of Hope.")

As far as can be noted, internal relations at the General Electric Supply Company are now quite all right. In any case, there was no boycott of any of the company's products on the part of dealers or consumers, and many an American could empathize with the explanation of company executive Lewis E. Rinker, who testified at the court trial in February, 1957: "I did it because it was part of my job" — adding that he understood the girls' services had helped sell seven carloads of appliances.

If the operation had fizzled, and sales had not increased, there might be some justification for complaint. It was evident, however, that this was no mixing of pleasure with business; it was a bona fide business legitimacy. Our salesmanship economy is at a fearsomely competitive level, and ill fares the people's capitalism where wealth accumulates and sales delay. All knights must to the jousting; the lieutenant of General Motors who went buckoing around Madison Square Garden last autumn, blasting a six-shooter and shouting "You Auto Buy More" was hardly in a more dignified position than Mr. Rinker.

In the case of the General Electric Supply Company, all's well that ends well for everybody concerned, since even though there was sufficient evidence to convict Mme. Bogart, the all-male jury acquitted her. As one of the jurors explained some-

Drawing by Palladino

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what apologetically to one of the reporters after the trial, they felt it wasn't quite fair to convict her and let all the men get off free. This is a radical departure from the prevailing gentlemen's code of conduct where, in any prostitution raid, the women are found guilty and the men released without their names being revealed. This may seem like simple sex discrimination, but it is really noblesse oblige toward women and children. We must at all times maintain the sanctity of the home and protect the institution of the family. Since most of the men who patronize prostitutes are married and fathers to boot — well, as a chivalrous male, you would not want anybody's wife embarrassed at the next P.T.A. meeting. Besides, the notion of the female as a Niagara and the male as the salmon leaping upstream against his will has a venerable and still-revered place in our patriarchally-oriented society. St. Paul was scarcely the original Mister Misogynist, and although we have come far since his burning edicts, advances in morality are not our principal concern. As the latest General Electric advertisements state, "Progress Is Our Most Important Product" — progress in sales. If the hiring of call girls is a helpful adjunct to that progress and can unload seven carloads of appliances onto already overstocked dealers, then may seven times seven fructify your future.

For where, in an earlier, less taxing period of business competition, there could be a postprandial celebration over the fact of the dotted-line signature, today it often has to come before, as the *apéritif*. The use of sex-for-hire as one of the devices to get the stubborn hand relaxed enough to fill out the order pad is merely one of many available aids. Expected bribes and pay-offs run a wide gamut, with "lush entertainment" (feminine companionship there subsumed) only one item in the listing. *Sales Management* reports that in addition to vicuna coats, Oriental rugs and free hotel suites, there are less publicized but more common items of exchange such as guns, whiskey, hand tools, sporting goods, radio and TV sets, fire-protection items, electric shavers, fishing tackle, clothing, appliances, paints, gift certificates, amateur radio gear and vacation trips. The reasons given by *Sales Management* for salesmen extending such bribes sound most plausible: "To retain the business" (29 per cent); "to obtain a bigger share of the business" (51 per cent); "to break into the prospect's firm" (55 per cent).

As the "free world" contracts, and as international trade is curtailed by cold-war policies, the domestic market has to loom larger than ever; it also becomes harder than ever to keep on getting a larger share of that market. If you don't exert yourself to go on making it larger, it will shrink. It is not only in Looking-Glass Land that you have to keep running fast to be able to stay in the same place.

FORTUNE extols the miracle of "the new All-American market — the moneyed mass middle-class rising"; more customers for what they now refer to as "the wonderful, ordinary luxury market." They find that "millions of Americans enjoy their great Christmas foray into the luxury market, but this market is by no means a seasonal curiosity. What has happened is that luxuries in the U.S. are becoming unexceptional, habitual, functional."

It might be more accurate to note that in the drive to distribute these luxuries, many practices — with the use of sex-for-hire as only one trick under the counter — are becoming unexceptional, habitual, functional. In the shape-up for sales to come, the device of hiring call girls may be one of the most innocuous that will be employed to keep the trade wheels turning on the home scene.

For *Fortune* is forced to recognize that "the wonderful, ordinary luxury market" is not just there for the taking. As they see it, "the challenge to business is to keep up with the market's potentialities not only by making and selling more of everything, but by improving, varying, and adorning everything — by blurring still further the already blurred line that distinguishes Americans' luxuries and Americans' necessities."

It is not so easy to keep blurring that line when four and a half million Americans are out of work, and when a rise to five million or more unemployed is predicted for the future. Salesmanship is going to have a hard sell on its hands.

All kinds of ingenious ways and means will have to be found to fit in with the thesis advanced by John Kenneth Galbraith in a lecture on "Economic Power in the American Setting" before a Polish audience. In what is surely the epitome of understatement, he declared that "Profits are still an important test of performance in our business system." More of a clue may be had in the remarks of Dr. Theodore Levitt, marketing adviser to Standard Oil of Indiana and other corporations. Speaking before the Harvard Graduate School of Business, he titled his remarks, "The Dangers of Social Responsibility," and came swiftly to the heart of the matter:

> The point is this: The businessman exists for only one purpose, to create and deliver value satisfactions at a profit to himself. He isn't and shouldn't be a theologian, a philosopher, an Emily Post of Commerce. His job is ridiculously simple. The test of whether the things he offers do indeed contain value satisfactions is provided by the completely neutral mechanism of the open market. If what is offered can be sold at a profit (not even necessarily a long run profit), then it's legitimate. The cultural, spiritual, social, moral, etc., consequences of his actions are none of his personal concern.

It is rather a relief to know that there need be no further worries about distinctions between okay and non-okay bribes. *Chacun à son coup.* Those with an over-cultivated taste for the spiritual, social, moral and etcetera consequences of actions will simply have to learn to include prostitution as one of the facets of our many-splendored business system.

It should not be so difficult to broaden our threshold of tolerance. In our salesmanship economy, the treatment of sex as a commodity cannot really be interpreted as a perversion of our dominant ethos; it is a pervasion of it. Sex is part of the come-on pitch in everything from automobiles to soup mixes: why should it not be carried to its logical conclusion and be incorporated as part of the business-deal pay-off?

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TWO-HEADED ARAB WORLD . . *by Edward Wakin*

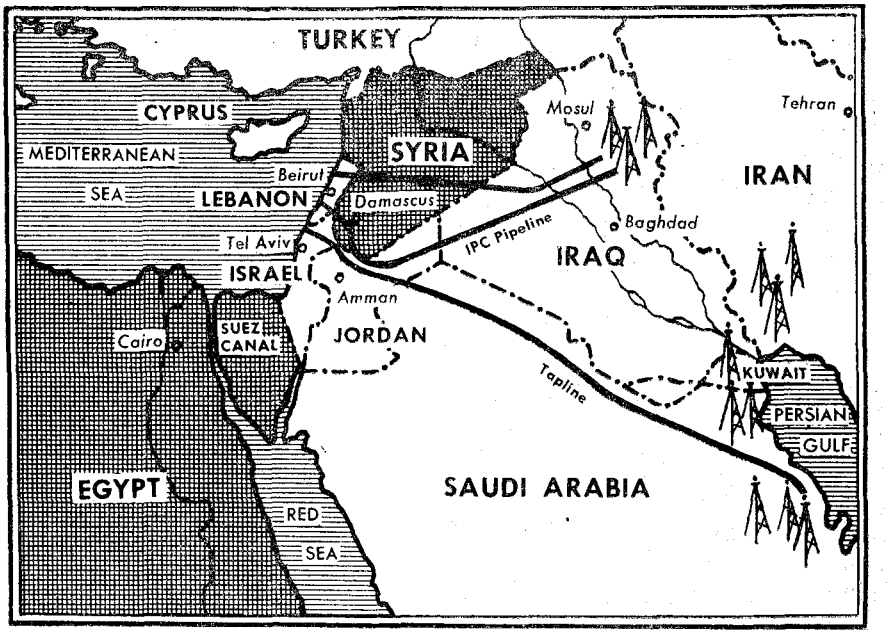
FROM THE EDGE of a Saudi Arabian oasis to the bar of the Nile Hilton, foreign policy in Middle East countries seems to owe much to the Arab proverb: "My brother and I will fight my cousin . . . my cousin and I will fight the foreigner."

In its current application, the proverb revolves around Syria-Egypt (brothers), Iraq (cousin) and the West (foreigners). This translates into two parallel competitions which are taking place, regardless of Arab propaganda and the cold war. Two versions of Arab unity are competing, each championed by erstwhile rivals, Baghdad and Cairo, each trying to use East and West as pawns.

For Syria and Egypt, the dream of Arab unity lies in the direction of strong centralized rule and they have set the example in the United Arab Republic under Gamal Abdel Nasser. For Iraq under Abdel Karim Kassim, it lies in close cooperation, even federation, but not loss of sovereignty.

This is a pat view of the current Middle East charade, but applicable even to the latest outburst in Iraq with its typical paradoxes. It explains how a rebel colonel in Mosul turns against a Baghdad regime friendly to the Communists and toward a Cairo regime which is also friendly to the Soviet Union. It explains how Egypt can call all Arabs brothers and then try to undermine fellow Arab nations like Jordan, Lebanon, the Sudan and now Iraq. It puts in perspective Cairo's purge of Egyptian Communists side by side with its courtship of Kremlin diplomats. By removing our Dulles-tinted glasses, we can see the competition of Baghdad and Cairo and of two versions of Arab unity. Difficult as it is, we must accept that the Arabs are more interested in their cold war than in ours.

My favorite case in point is a Syrian political chameleon and sometime vice president of the United Arab Republic, Sabri al-Assali. Since



Syria and Egypt have just celebrated their first wedding anniversary, it is fitting to speculate whether el-Assali is still cheering a merger he helped engineer. A few months ago, in Cairo where he was given a handsome office, he was accused of conspiring to do with Iraq — in 1954 — what he actually did with Egypt. Pursuing, like other Arab leaders, the dream of unity, he had tried to arrange a merger of Syria with Iraq.

The sin for which he was denounced by Egypt was not loss of virtue, but his original choice of partner. As it turned out, Nasser took Syria out of the crescent-shaped shadow of unity with Iraq, Jordan and even Lebanon. The traditional drive toward such geographical unity has always excluded Egypt — a discordant theme to set before Nasser.

Long before Nasser's rise, Arab commentators pointed out that the Middle East had been hoping for the rise of an Arab Prussia to unify the Arab world. Egypt is strenuously putting forth the view, and it has been widely accepted, that the Arabs were waiting for Nasser.

According to this view, any Middle Easterner opposed to Nasser is opposed to Arab nationalism and unity, two emotional stimulants second only to anti-imperialism in potency. That powerful psychological weapon has been used against Kassim, just as it was used against the predecessor he liquidated, Nuri as-Said.

When Nuri federated Iraq with Jordan early last year, he challenged Cairo on a very vulnerable point: the natural joining of adjacent kingdoms with cousin-kings in contrast to the unnatural merger of Syria and Egypt. The federation almost had everything—oil, blood relationships, geographical and political compatibility, expectations of Western aid and backing.

It is ironic to recall the official optimism for Nuri's action which I heard one day in the office of Khlousy Khairy, a Jordanian and the federation's Minister of State for Foreign Affairs. Nasser, he said, is using merger by force instead of federation by free choice; his aim is to control rather than administer. "In the long run, ours is the really popular way to Arab unity," he said.

A month later the Minister was in Baghdad when Iraq's July revolution ended his federation and its chance for "popularity" in the long run. For, as a matter of fact, Nuri's Iraq regime and the federation had everything but popularity. In other words, it had eevrything but Gamal Abdel Nasser.

On the other hand, the Syrian-

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Egyptian merger was handicapped by the fact that both countries are separated by Jordan and Israel. The merger joined Syria's prosperous, free-enterprise economy with Egypt's state-controlled, deficit economy; it joined the xenophobic Syrian with the newly inflated Egyptian. But the merger had Nasser, the cement that so far is still strong enough to bind.

Nonetheless, the shadow of the Fertile Crescent and Greater Syria unity still darkens the merger. If Syria is lost to Nasser, he will probably never recover his chance to dominate the Middle East.

Kremlin support, with accompanying guns and economic credits, are necessary to this dominant role. Yet, at the same time, Nasser has to crush native Communists for two reasons. They oppose his control of Syria and they also represent a propaganda weapon in Cairo's traditional competition with Iraq. In effect, the West and anti-Communist Middle East countries have been told that Nasser is an ally against Communist subversion, while Kassim has been soft on the Communists.

One can only speculate how much Iraq could reduce Egypt's "shock" at softness toward Communist agitators merely by letting pro-Nasser Nationalists have a free hand to bring Iraq into the Egyptian web. Clearly, both Iraq and Egypt are trying to use their local Communists as pawns in their competition.

Meanwhile, the rule book of Arab nationalism requires lip service for unity with Iraqi cousins as well as Syrian brothers. "We will never allow imperialist agents or opportunists to drive a wedge between the U.A.R. and Iraq," Nasser said recently.

The ultimate enemy, as always, is the foreigner, Nasser reminds the Iraqis. The Westerner might point out that the new Iraq under Kassim agrees with the old Iraq under Nuri on a basic point: opposition to Egyptian hegemony in the Middle East. Even Nasser's denunciation of the doomed Baghdad Pact was mostly a matter of his power struggle with Iraq. By the summer of 1958, Nasser was strong enough not only to attack pro-Westerners, but also to condemn Arabs who reject Cairo.

For long-term policy decisions, instead of the frustrating game of Who's-in-the-Minaret, the United States must resolve the question of whether the Nasser way is going to win out, as his supporters insist. The choice is between the undeniable and often irresistible appeal of Nasser and the glacier-like movement toward a natural geographical unity involving Iraq, Jordan and Syria.

The latter's pull toward Baghdad for economic, political and emotional reasons still remains strong enough to present a constant threat to the U.A.R. Moreover, it is possible to speculate that the Iraq-Jordan federation would have already reappeared if it were not for a major psychological hurdle created by the July Iraq revolution. The murder of King Faisal is too much for his proud cousin, Hussein of Jordan, to accept for now, and to do so would violate the strong family loyalty required of Arab leaders. If Jordan and Iraq still have a strong gravitational attraction to one another, and if Syria is still far from Egyptianized, then the pull of Arab unity toward Baghdad or, at least, away from Cairo, is underlined.

The argument against Nasser's long-term success runs this way: Egypt is dominating Arab nationalism and the drive toward unity in an imperialistic manner. It does not have the natural advantages of geography and economics, or even tradition, on its side. Even Syria, Nasser's first success, is chafing under his rein. Egypt lacks the administrative machinery to run such an empire and is also pushing the area toward dictatorial control.

The immediate problem would be solved by a cooperative Nasser; and the State Department seems inclined at present in this direction. Once we show favoritism for Nasser, we may, in effect, commit ourselves to the ultimate gamble that Cairo will win over Baghdad. But the strange case of Sabri al-Assali is a reminder of the dangers of over-commitment, what with today's brother likely to turn up as tomorrow's cousin and enemy.

THE REBIRTH OF KRUPP . . *by James Stewart Martin*

FOURTEEN YEARS ago this February, I went to Germany. My job was to undertake a program to end the "excessive concentration of economic power" then vested in a handful of German industrial firms, banks and cartels. For three years, as head of the Economic Warfare Section of the Department of Justice, I had pursued investigations into the affairs of giant firms like I. G. Farbenindustrie, Siemens, Krupp, Mannesmann, Vereinigte Stahlwerke and others whose managements had bankrolled Hitler. Based on such findings, President Roosevelt had said, "Defeat of the Nazi armies will have to be followed by the eradication of these weapons of economic warfare."

My superior at the time, Attorney General Francis Biddle, then told the Kilgore Committee: "I propose that we break the power of the German monopolistic firms. The purpose of such a program would not be to destroy German economic life in its entirety, but to put its industries into a form where they will no longer constitute a menace to the civilized world."

Today, the spectacular rebound of Alfried Krupp, his repudiation of restrictions on further mergers and expansion of his firm, and his eye-opening proposal for a $200 million investment in Canadian iron ore to provide more steel to Russia, have

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again focused attention on German economic concentration.

On this subject it is easier to generate heat than light, so it may be best to begin with a summary of what has been happening. Headline topics in recent months have included: (1) proposals to integrate much of Western Europe into a common market area, with elimination of tariff barriers; (2) Germany's imposition of a protective tariff on coal to keep out imports from the United States; (3) Krupp's repudiation of the war-crimes decree that would have required him to divest himself of his coal and steel holdings by January 31, 1959; (4) Allied approval of Krupp's purchase of the Bochumer Verein steelworks, which he has merged with his Rheinhausen steel firm in a combine that will account for over 25 per cent of German steel production; (5) the proposed deal by which a consortium headed by Krupp would put $200 million into Ungava ore development as part of a three-way agreement reportedly reached by Krupp, Cyrus Eaton and Russia's Mikoyan; and (6) a rash of recombinations and regroupings in German steel, chemicals, electrical equipment and banking, which brings back together Thyssen and Phoenix as key parts of the old Vereinigte Stahlwerke; will combine Bayer, Hoechst and Badische of the old I. G. Farbenindustrie; will divide the electrotechnical industry among Siemens, A.E.G. and I.T.&T., and the banking business among the old Deutsche, Dresdner and Commerzbank groups.

THESE HAPPENINGS raise policy questions on which debate can be expected. One is the question of German economic revival, as distinct from the concentration of control over the revived German economy. Much current comment seems to equate revival of Germany's productive economy with letting firms like Krupp push their way into dominant positions. A related question is that of the ability of the German Government and the European Coal and Steel Community to control the tendency toward concentration of power. A *New York Times* dispatch in February said, "The consensus is that the High Authority of the six-nation European Coal and Steel Community has sufficient power and responsibility to prevent unhealthy concentrations of industrial might in West Germany." If it does, of course, it will be the first time in history for any authority anywhere. Another report, in *Time*, quoted Chancellor Adenauer: "There is a great future danger that a handful of economic structures will control the German economy to such a degree that government will be forced to take drastic steps against them." If the Chancellor said that, it must rank as the most fatuous comment to date on the whole subject.

Finally, we have the question whether certain "indispensable men" like Alfried Krupp, Friedrich Flick and other released graduates of the Nuremberg trials must necessarily be the ones to steer the new industrial mergers and consolidations, even if it should be granted that nothing can be done about the reconcentration itself.

IN HISTORICAL perspective, we are not dealing with something new. Spengler was neither the first nor the last to point out how the creative human types who build cultures are eventually replaced by manipulators who, in the name of profits and efficiency, push rapidly toward centralization and concentration of power. Not all historians agree that this centralization leads inevitably toward dissipation of energy and capital, and eventual disintegration of the very structure it was supposed to support. But there is enough doubt to make it worth while to ask these questions: First, is the concentration of control over industry actually indispensable to healthy economic recovery and growth, or is it something that comes *afterward* — when the plums are already ripe for plucking? And secondly, are the headlined individuals who presently stand in the shoes of the fabled Ruhr barons personally indispensable to the German economy?

One thing that makes it hard for Americans to understand what is happening is that we do not have in the United States exact counterparts of men like Krupp, Flick, Willy Schlieker and other German operators. The nearest we come may be in a few headliners who always turn up in proxy fights — operators who take over a corporation, milk it and then move on to bigger adventures. Such men, unlike the Ruhr barons in their homeland, command little respect here; they operate generally far below the top levels, and they are too much in-and-out to become real industrial barons.

Alfried Krupp

That Krupp is a skillful operator can scarcely be denied. Consider, for example, how he arranged the stages of the Bochumer-Rheinhausen merger in spite of the war-crimes decree. First he started to "comply" with the decree by selling his Constantin the Great coal mines to Axel Wenner-Gren, the Swedish millionaire adventurer who has been a perennial cooperator in the cloaking of German holdings during wartime, and in the evasion of postwar controls. After World War I, he helped Alfried Krupp's father get control of the Swedish Bofors munition and steel works, so that Krupp could get around the Versailles Treaty prohibition against German armaments manufacture. In the present case, Wenner-Gren acquired control of Bochumer Verein, and had Bochumer buy the Constantin coal mines after he had purchased them from Krupp. Then, after Krupp obtained

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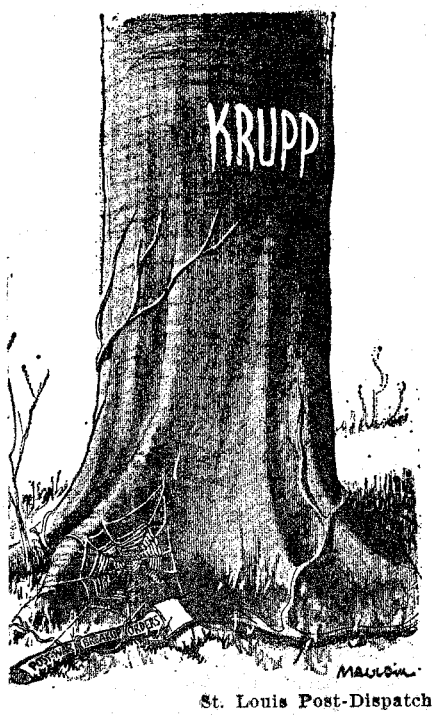
High Authority approval of his merger moves, Wenner-Gren sold the Bochumer - Constantin properties back to Krupp.

Granted that Krupp is a shrewd operator. Aside from the fact that he stepped into control of a vast family fortune, however, why is he personally considered so important to the German economy? When I first saw him in 1945, his story was that all through the prewar period, and during the war, he was too young to know much about what was going on in the works. He was only thirty-four when Krupp plants were employing slave laborers from concentration camps in the "extermination through work" program — which he somehow managed to phrase as if it were a fringe-benefit program for the workers. In short, his story was that of an innocent, new to the game; shy, retiring, hesitant, unfamiliar with the setup, not entirely aware of the decisions others were making.

KRUPP TODAY maintains the same attitude of shyness, though he is fifty-one. He has been running the firm only since his release from prison in 1951, if we are to credit his disclaimer of full prewar and wartime authority. The executive drive that is carrying the firm today is generally attributed to Berthold Beitz, picked by Alfried as general director in 1953. At that time Beitz, forty years old, knew nothing about steel. He had formed an insurance agency in Hamburg after the war, and before the war held a minor job in a bank.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Tall Oaks from Idle Axes Grow."

Somehow this does not add up to a picture of experienced management whose services are essential to German economic recovery. "Krupp denies aim is bigger empire," says one headline. "Krupp promises new addition to his empire will be last," says another. Krupp himself says the Bochumer merger is "an inevitable technical process necessary to compete." What it does seem to add up to is a picture of a hard-hitting crew of operators getting set to elbow their way to the top of an already thriving economy. We should keep in mind that when the Krupp firm began its drive for expansion about four years ago, Germany's spectacular economic recovery was already history. The central fact is that the present wave of mergers and the reconcentration drive by the firms that backed Hitler started *after* Germany was on its feet. And it is no answer to say that Krupp is only doing what other German firms are doing, because the list of the firms that are doing it now is simply a roster of the same firms that did the same thing before.

IF THAT much of the old pattern is being repeated, what else? In the midst of the excitement over the Krupp merger came the announcement of a West German tariff of nearly $5 a ton on imported coal, designed to cut off about nine million tons scheduled for shipment from the United States in 1959. The immediate aim is said to be protection of the German coal industry; coal from the United States can be delivered anywhere in Western Europe cheaper than European coal. This is an ironic reversal of the usual story that the United States needs tariffs to protect our economy against products of cheap European labor. It is also reminiscent of a noteworthy situation after World War I, when German firms in the Ruhr concentrated on building up an essentially high-cost steel industry based on German coal and imported iron ore from Sweden, Spain and Newfoundland. They did this to make up for the loss of the more efficient plants in Lorraine, which had gone to the French under the Treaty of Versailles. The German government subsidized the high-cost Ruhr plants, and the Ruhr coal mines withheld shipments of necessary coal to the French mills. The combined result was the eclipse of the French industry and the emergence of the German as the dominant force in European steel. This dominance was then perpetuated through the International Steel Cartel, with headquarters in Luxembourg. The cartel, it is said, was not revived after World War II; instead, we have the European Coal and Steel Community, with headquarters in Luxembourg, which approved the Krupp merger plans in the belief that it retains adequate power to deal with any "undue" economic concentration that might arise.

Meanwhile, as of the end of January, we had a rash of stories and editorials on the theme that a new view was needed of Krupp and all the other "cartel" firms in West Germany. Time, it was said, has changed the Germans from a menace into a valuable ally; and therefore we have to change our "anti-trust" attitude toward the key German firms. Typical comment ran something like this: The West has more to fear from the spread of Soviet communism than from a revival of Hitlerism; and therefore we need the strength of West Germany. It would be impractical to require Krupp to sell his steel holdings, because it would be hard to find a purchaser. But—and here is the twist in the argument—Krupp's present holdings cannot survive and compete unless he is allowed to expand and integrate his holdings by absorbing certain other producers. (The ability of German firms to "compete" in the last eight years has been quite evident to anyone who has watched firms like Krupp, Mannesmann, Siemens and others walk away with Central and South American markets in steel products, machinery and the like.)

Also, the argument continues, the

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Mannesmann firm has been allowed to reintegrate; some six parts of the old I. G. Farben trust are reintegrating; so are principal pieces of Vereinigte Stahlwerke, and so on. Why pick on Krupp? Besides, the West German Government has laws against the revival of cartels, Economics Minister Erhardt is known to advocate competition, and the Coal and Steel Community has strong controls available. It is admitted that firms like Krupp may wield monopoly powers, and could form a part of a newly aggressive Germany. But the best hope in this case, it is said, lies in a democratically strong German government, and a peace-preserving sense of European unity.

A tougher line of pro-Krupp comment goes like this: The original policies against concentration of control over German industry were framed in the wake of World War II, when the Allies also imposed a limit on German steel production. This limitation was scrapped when Germany joined the Coal and Steel Community. Today the more steel Germany makes, the better, because it is now a partner in the North Atlantic Alliance and in the European Economic Community (common market). The original aim was to reduce German military capacity and to curb the political power of the industrial trusts. Today, Germany is a valuable ally whose industrial capacity is a Western asset. Therefore it is only natural to drop the old policies as both unworkable and undesirable today. (The false premise here is that concentration of control is necessary to efficient production, and that the original policies against concentration of economic power had either the purpose or the effect of limiting production or impairing productive efficiency.)

THE EASE with which Krupp and Mikoyan appear to have found a common ground on which to work for their mutual interests should at least give pause to some people. Commentators have talked easily about West Germany's position as a buffer against Russia. It has been assumed that West Germany can be developed best as a buffer if the old crowd is allowed to regain control of German industry.

In this context, it is surely an oversimplification to assume that the pattern of reconcentration being followed in Germany is nothing more than the drawing together of isolated bits into integrated enterprises modeled after industrial firms in the United States. A small group of very determined men has far more to say about the pattern in West Germany than any one group of eco-political operators has ever had in the United States, even in the day of our own "robber barons." The signs are that Germany is headed toward more complete concentration of control than the prewar Ruhr barons ever dreamed of. Under these circumstances, it is questionable whether a European common market can develop in reality as anything more than a broader base for a power play by these regrowing German industrial complexes.

VOICE of the AMERICAN BAR . . *by Daniel M. Berman*

THE RESOLUTIONS on the Supreme Court adopted recently by the American Bar Association should occasion little surprise. For many years now it has been clear that the A.B.A. could merge with the Daughters of the American Revolution without any drastic revision of its credo. It was only to be expected that, sooner or later, the association would adopt the Daughters' practice of including an incantation against the Supreme Court in its liturgy [see "Kill the Umpire!", *The Nation*, March 7, page 197].

By asking Congress to nullify the effect of recent decisions involving communism, the A.B.A. has acted in accordance with its traditionally conservative political principles. But if the organization's ideology has undergone little change during its eighty-year history, the extent of its influence has not remained static. Its power and prestige have expanded steadily as its numerical strength has increased; in the past six years, membership has almost doubled and its annual budget is now in excess of $1 million. Some Congressmen fairly jump to do its bidding. There is little doubt, for example, that its recent resolutions have greatly increased the probability that new legislation will be adopted to combat the Court's decisions on communism.

Even closer than the A.B.A.'s rapport with Congress is its relationship with the White House. President Truman instituted the practice of asking the association's Committee on the Federal Judiciary, as well as the FBI, to pass on the qualifications of candidates for district- or appeals-court judgeships. An unfavorable recommendation from either would doom the candidate's chances. Under President Eisenhower, the arrangement has been continued. Last year, Bernard G. Segal, chairman of the A.B.A. "clearance" committee, told the association: "It is difficult to see how the liaison between our committee and the Attorney General's office could be better or more satisfactory than it is now."

Until 1956, the A.B.A's veto power over judicial appointments did not extend to the Supreme Court. Thus the association's committee played no part in the selection of Chief Justice Earl Warren in 1953; and at the time that John Marshall Harlan was nominated, the group's function was limited to the presentation of laudatory testimony before the Senate Judiciary Committee. When the

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name of William J. Brennan was brought to Eisenhower's attention in 1956, however, the President wanted to know what the A.B.A. thought of him. Attorney General William Rogers has disclosed that the nomination was held up until clearance could be obtained.

There is no indication that in evaluating a candidate, the committee considers anything except his professional qualifications. But "professional qualifications" may be a difficult term to define, especially in the case of Supreme Court justices, wherein social vision is at least as important as legal competence. The very existence of the A.B.A.'s veto power, unaccompanied by any responsibility to the public, invites abuse.

PRESUMABLY, Congress and the President attach importance to the association's views because they consider it truly representative of the legal profession. The presumption is open to some serious doubt. Despite the success of its recent membership drive, the organization has not yet enrolled even a bare majority of American lawyers. Former A.B.A. President E. Smythe Gambrell has openly expressed perplexity over the fact that while members of professions with "less prestige and position in the community" flock into their associations, lawyers stay away from the A.B.A. in droves. For instance, more than 80 per cent of doctors and dentists belong to their respective national organizations; and even the American Institute of Accountants has done better than the A.B.A. in enrolling members.

The organization's failure in this regard is especially striking in the light of its bargain-basement dues. Under a sliding scale, freshman lawyers are assessed only $4 annually for two years, and the most any member has to pay is $16. A free subscription to the A.B.A. *Journal* is thrown in, too.

In 1936, the association made what appeared to be a valiant effort to broaden its base by creating a second governing body — a House of Delegates—to which the various state bar associations, previously unaffiliated with the national organization, were entitled to seats. Groups like the American Judicature Society and the Association of American Law Schools were also granted House seats if one-fourth of their members were in the A.B.A.

Hopes that creation of the new governing body would result in democratizing the association, however, proved vain. Some A.B.A. members think that it actually made matters worse by introducing petty state kingmakers into the councils of the national organization. In any event, a leap of faith is required if one is to believe that the House of Delegates is really representative of the entire American bar.

There are factors to indicate that the association's older and "lower" governing body — the Assembly — is not necessarily representative, either. By giving Assembly seats only to those who register at the annual convention, the constitution excludes about three-fourths of the total membership. The only lawyers who attend conventions are those rich enough to desert their practices for a week and pay — or get a wealthy client to defray — the considerable expense involved.

The annual meetings, therefore, are no more the impecunious lawyer's dish than the resolutions which emerge are the impecunious layman's. Particularly on economic questions, the A.B.A. usually manages to avoid antagonizing anybody's rich client. In 1933, for example, it began an extensive — and successful — campaign to block a Constitutional amendment which would have ended child labor. For decades, it has promoted a Constitutional ban on the graduated income tax.

IT IS NOT only on economic issues that its rightist leanings have been displayed. For sixty-five years, the organization was lily white — except for three Negroes who were admitted in 1912 because of an error. Then, in 1943, the convention resolved that membership "is not dependent on race, creed or color" and dropped a provision in its by-laws which had permitted Southern members of the Board of Governors to blackball Negro applicants. But even today the Negro membership is still very small. On the school desegregation decision of 1954, the association's *Journal* has generally followed a blandly impartial line, publishing articles both pro and con. Concerning human rights on a world scale, the association is less equivocal. It is four-square against the international conventions on both human rights and on genocide, and claims credit for the failure of the United States to ratify either.

As a matter of fact, the A.B.A. has a marked isolationist tinge. It is true that it has had some internationally-minded leaders and Charles P. Rhyne, its immediate past president, campaigned tirelessly for the extension of legal principles to world issues. But in 1956 the organization refused to appoint an observer to the U.N. And one of its past presidents, Frank E. Holman, is credited with authorship of the A.B.A.-supported Bricker Amendment, which would curb and possibly kill the federal government's power to make treaties. In 1950, the association voted to oppose the International Trade Organization on the ground that Congress had no right to delegate control of national fiscal policy to an international body.

SUCH consistently conservative policies have naturally made the liberals in the A.B.A. restive. Their dissatisfaction led, in 1936, to the formation of the National Lawyers' Guild. The Guild, however, never constituted a real threat to the A.B.A.; even during its New Deal heyday, its membership never rose above 7,000. In the 1940s, conflicts within the small organization resulted in the resignation of some of its ablest members and leaders.

Attorney General Herbert Brownell chose the 1953 A.B.A. diamond jubilee convention as the forum from which to announce that he was initiating proceedings to add the Guild to his list of subversive organizations. Although the Justice Department has since given up the proceedings, the combined pressures have reduced the organization to a membership of about 1,000. Liberals still in A.B.A. generally acknowledge that the Guild performs exceedingly useful functions, but apparently prefer to make

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their influence felt within the larger organization.

For a few years there was one important A.B.A. body about whose work liberals could be unreservedly enthusiastic. This was the special committee on the Bill of Rights, created in 1938, which filed several liberal briefs on behalf of the parent body. One of the briefs denounced as unconstitutional the actions of Mayor Frank Hague in expelling labor organizers from Jersey City and denying to the Congress of Industrial Organizations the right to distribute literature, carry placards and hold public meetings. Another of its briefs — in a Jehovah's Witnesses' case — supported the right of school children in Pennsylvania to refuse to salute the flag if such a ritual would offend their religious principles. During this period, the committee included some distinguished members. Grenville Clark was chairman and three of his colleagues were Zechariah Chafee, Lloyd K. Garrison and Charles P. Taft. With financial aid from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the group began publication of a magazine, the *Bill of Rights Review*.

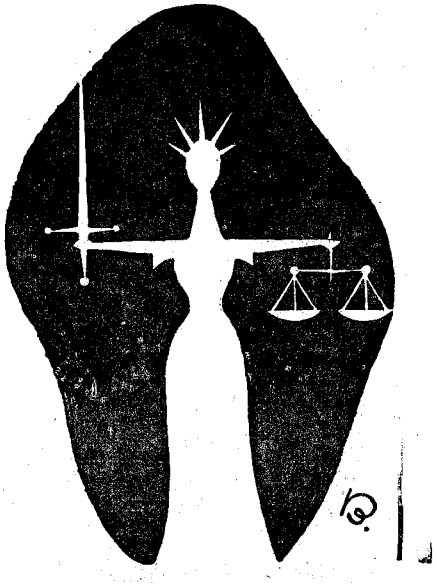
BUT THE MAGAZINE, the liberal members and the civil-libertarian beliefs all soon disappeared. In 1948, the committee decided not to intervene on behalf of the Hollywood Ten. "These people were quite adequately represented," it explained. "And, moreover, as it was not a crime to belong to the Communist Party, they should be compelled to answer" [Congressional committee inquiries]. That year, the committee urged Congress to force Communists to register or be prosecuted, and it offered its assistance to House investigators of un-American activities.

By 1949, the committee appeared to regret the very existence of the Bill of Rights which it had supposedly been created to defend. "Solicitude for the unrestricted freedom of the individual has overshadowed proper concern for the civil rights in the citizens as a whole," it declared.

> The individual Communist is prone to invoke every protection under the Bill of Rights and, having been accorded that protection, to flout not only the letter but the essential spirit behind the Bill of Rights. [Communists] have repeatedly climbed to power through the Bill of Rights (or equivalent) of a democratic system.

The Bill of Rights thus disposed of, even the committee's name was expunged. It now became the "special committee on individual rights as affected by national security." But this problem was apparently considered too complex to be handled by a single committee, and in 1950 the House of Delegates voted to set up a new body, the "committee on Communist tactics, strategy, and objectives." Under the chairmanship of Herbert R. O'Conor, who had been a member of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, the new group got to work at once on questions like how to effect the disbarment of lawyers who were Communists or had invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned about leftist connections. It is this committee — now operating under Peter Campbell Brown as chairman — whose recommendations concerning recent Supreme Court decisions affecting Communists were accepted last month by the A.B.A.'s House of Delegates.

Brown is a former New York City Corporation Counsel and, more significantly, a former member of the Subversive Activities Control Board (SACB). In the latter capacity, he was on a panel which was asked to recommend to the entire SACB whether the Communist Party is a "Communist action organization"



and therefore subject to the registration provisions of the McCarran Act. In fact, Brown became chairman of the panel under rather extraordinary circumstances midway in the proceedings. Charles LaFollette, who started out as chairman, yielded the chair to Brown as a dramatic way of protesting the latter's fanaticism and discourtesy. This is what LaFollette said:

> We will have a speedier hearing, I am sure, because the Panel Member, Mr. Brown, whom I asked to preside from now on, has already evidenced the remarkable capacity to make speedy and immediate rulings upon all objections presented to this panel. The fact that they almost uniformly amount to a sustaining of any position taken by the Petitioner [the Government] and a rejection of any position taken by the Respondent [the Communist Party] is purely coincidental, I am sure.

WHEN THE A.B.A. works in nonpolitical areas, there are few who will challenge its motives or question its effectiveness. It deserves credit for its role in the formulation of the Federal Rules of Civil Procedure, the creation of the Administrative Office of the United States Courts, the development of a system of federal courts of appeal, and the invaluable contributions its eighteen specialized sections make to the law.

There are some liberals in the association who think it not entirely hopeless even in politically sensitive fields. They attribute its almost unrelieved conservatism to the fact that liberals have not been willing to exert themselves sufficiently to gain positions of importance from which they can nudge the organization into more progressive attitudes. An example of one who *has* exerted himself, gained an office of some significance and used it effectively, is Harry N. Rosenfield, former executive director of the President's Commission on Immigration and Naturalization. Now chairman of the A.B.A. Administrative Law Section's Committee on Immigration, Rosenfield has the association's support as he battles for humanization of the McCarran-Walter Act. But such liberal success stories are rare. If they were more common, the association would

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not now have to adjust to the resignation of its most distinguished member, Chief Justice Warren.

Some A.B.A. members are looking to 1960, when Whitney North Seymour will become president. In 1937, Seymour persuaded the Supreme Court to reverse the conviction of Angelo Herndon, Negro Communist organizer, who was sentenced to eighteen years on a Georgia chain gang for allegedly violating an anti-insurrection statute passed during Reconstruction. Seymour served on the committee of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York which recommended that the federal loyalty-security program be limited to sensitive jobs involving access to secret material. And he helped to persuade the A.B.A. that lawyers should not refuse to represent defendants who are politically unpopular.

But presidents serve for only one year and the association is too big for any one man, particularly a moderate, to reform. The real question, however, is whether reform is really wanted. Do the lawyers feel that the A.B.A. is misrepresenting them? Or is the American bar as conservative as the association which claims to speak for it?

ANATOMY OF TERRORISM . . *by Brian Crozier*

London

I HAVE BEEN in some alarming places, on strictly civilian errands. I have had my pockets frisked by a French black African in search for hidden weapons, on entering a movie theatre in Algiers to see Brigitte Bardot. I have had a submachine gun pointed at me by a British soldier in Nicosia, Cyprus, and felt bullets of hatred between my shoulder blades when walking down Ledra Street (sometimes called "Murder Mile") in the old walled city. In Saigon, Vietnam, my auto has been stopped and searched for hand grenades or other means of delivering sudden death. In Malaya, I have driven with my family through the deserted village of Tras, heard rifle shots and stepped on the gas. (Tras was where the murderers of the High Commissioner, Sir Henry Gurney, had come from. Hence my nervous reaction: how was I to know that the shots had been fired by home guards in practice?)

I cannot claim, as of this writing, that I have ever found myself in the path of a hand-made bomb or a mass-produced bullet. In this I have been lucky rather than a good manager. At any rate, I have been in enough potentially unpleasant situations to ask myself *how* they came to be unpleasant for others. The answers would fill a book. But in finding them, I have reached some conclusions about terrorism.

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I start with a simple assertion: terrorism is a weapon of the weak. If a group of like-minded men feels strong enough, it will attack its enemy frontally. In the early stages of a rebellion, the insurgents seldom feel that strong. Terrorism, in fact, is nearly always the weapon in the first stage of "resistance." The second stage is guerrilla war; the third, all-out war. Some insurrections never get beyond the first stage: Cyprus, for instance. Some progress to the second stage, as in Palestine in the years before Britain gave up its mandate; or start with it, like the Irish insurrection in 1916. Some go all the way, like the anti-French uprisings in Vietnam and Algeria. Then, of course, all three stages may run concurrently, again as in Vietnam or Algeria.

IN CUBA, on the other hand, the ultimate stage of outright war was never reached. But this was only because there was no fight in dictator Fulgencio Batista's soldiers by the time Fidel Castro's bearded guerrillas starting marching westward. In all other respects, Castro's insurrection was a classic. In the early days of unpromising weakness in the Sierra Maestra, he sent his agents to plant bombs in the movie theatres and gambling joints of Havana. That was the first phase of terrorism; then, gaining in strength as smuggled arms came in, he moved on to guerrilla war. Popular support and the internal collapse of the dictatorship made the third and ultimate phase unnecessary.

It is not my purpose to deal with all three stages, only with the first. Even alone, it has had spectacular successes; but its failures easily outnumber the triumphs. For terrorism is a weapon of diminishing returns. Its success is usually spectacular but brief; if abused, it turns against those who use it. And even when terrorists have won complete and final victories, they have owed their achievements to exceptionally favorable circumstances.

Does this sound sweeping and dogmatic? Let me get down to cases. Terrorism was at most only partially successful in Vietnam, Malaya, Cyprus and Algeria. It failed utterly in Kenya. Probably the only clear-cut victories of terrorism since World War II were those in Iran, Palestine and the Suez Canal Zone. In each of the three, the British were forced to quit.

Why did terrorism succeed in some places and fail in others? The answer, I believe, lies in the methods used by the terrorists and the circumstances in which they operated. It is surely no coincidence that in all of the places where the terrorists failed, or enjoyed only short-lived successes, the bulk of their effort went into terrorizing local populations—i.e., they hit at their own side first and at the enemy a poor second. In the places where they succeeded, the enemy received their undivided attention.

In Vietnam, the Vietminh terrorists' efforts were concentrated in the south, in Cochin-China. (This again was no coincidence, for in the south

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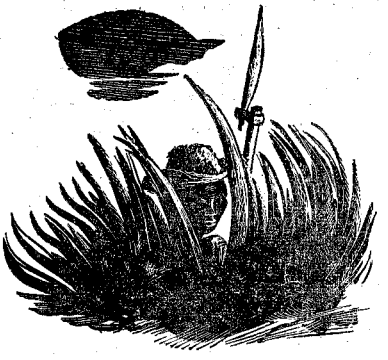
the Communist-led Vietminh were far weaker than in the north.) Nguyen Binh moved into Cochin-China in November, 1945, and soon set up assassination committees. One aim was certainly to make life uncomfortable for the French. But Nguyen Binh's principal aim was to bully the Cochin-Chinese peasants into conformity. Village notables were kidnapped, tied to stakes and murdered. To the corpses were pinned pieces of paper with the words *Viêt giân,* meaning "traitor" or "collaborator." In Malaya, similarly, the Communist-led "Malayan Races' Liberation Army" consistently killed more Asians—Chinese, Indian or Malay—than Britishers. In Cyprus, at the time of my visit in mid-1956, many of the whitewashed walls were defaced with the slogan "Death to Traitors." The Greek Cypriot terrorist organization, EOKA, has killed three Greek Cypriots for every two of its British foes.

ONE FINDS the same pattern in Kenya and Algeria, but in more gory wrappings. The oath administered by the Mau Mau terrorist society to Kikuyu tribesmen in Kenya bound those who took it to kill Europeans. But it also contained these words: "If I am called upon to do so, I will kill a Kikuyu who is against the Mau Mau, even if it be my mother or my father or brother or sister or wife or child." An authority on the Kikuyu and Mau Mau, L. S. B. Leakey, writes in his book *Defeating Mau Mau,* that the terrorists killed far more Kikuyu than Europeans, including many thousands for having refused to take the oath. In Algeria and France itself, the F.L.N. (National Liberation Front), in rebellion since November, 1954, has consistently killed more Algerian Moslems than French settlers, police or servicemen. The rebels demanded the *active* collaboration of their countrymen, not merely non-cooperation with the French. In Algeria, a rebel warning might herald a fate that would make death seem preferable, such as mutilation of the nose, ears, lips or sexual parts. Particularly in danger were—and still are—members of the rival nationalist organization, M.N.A. (National Algerian Movement). The F.L.N.'s most spectacular act of mass terror was the massacre of 300 villagers at Kasba Mechta in May, 1957.

SUCH ARE the methods. How effective are they? In each of the examples I have mentioned, the local people were frightened into acquiescence or collaboration with the terrorists. The British or French found life at times nerve-shattering. But policy-making was not affected, or else affected only in a sense unfavorable to the terrorists. After a while, measures of security or retaliation began to carry weight and the morale of the local population improved. In



Malaya, for instance, the British police and army were ill-prepared for the emergency of June, 1948. Isolated rubber planters or tin-mine owners, subjected to ambush or attack, clamored for protection. When it came, and when Malayan villages that had been collaborating with the Communists were regrouped under supervision, the insurgents found that terrorism brought diminishing returns. The Chinese Communists, wiser through experience, pointed out the futility of their ways to the Malayan Communist Party. In October, 1951, the month of High Commissioner Gurney's murder, the party's Central Committee, in a 14,000-word directive, ordered its men to cease "all acts of sabotage, arson and intimidation calculated to alienate the masses." But it was too late: the insurrection had missed its chance of becoming a mass movement.

In Vietnam, the Communist victory was due not to terrorism, but to French mistakes, brilliant generalship and massive Chinese aid. In Cyprus, the new settlement of the island's future as an independent republic was brought about, not by terrorism, but by the demonstrated sterility of former Greek and Turkish policies. In turn, the greater willingness of the British to reach a settlement was brought about by other factors besides the continuing cost of fighting EOKA; principally to the realization, born of the Suez expedition, that Great Britain can no longer wield the big stick and that Cyprus is a poor base anyway. Moreover, EOKA was not fighting for independence but for *enosis*—union with Greece. The settlement was therefore a defeat, not a victory, for the terrorists. In Kenya, terrorism recoiled against the terrorists: the Lari massacre alienated the population. In Algeria, the F.L.N.'s successes have been due to organization and sound guerrilla tactics, rather than terrorism.

These observations do not apply to Palestine between 1944 and 1948, or to the Suez Canal Zone from 1951 to 1954. In Palestine, for much of the time, the two Jewish terrorist groups, Irgun Zvai Leumi and the Stern Gang, found ready collaboration from the more orthodox military organization, Haganah. Occasionally Irgun went too far, as when in July, 1946, it blew up the King David Hotel, killing a hundred people. Shortly afterwards, the Jewish Agency launched a campaign against terrorism. Stern twice went too far: The murders of Lord Moyne, the British Minister-Resident in the Middle East, in Cairo in November, 1944, and of Count Bernadotte, the United Nations mediator, in Jerusalem in September, 1948, caused a revulsion of feeling that harmed the Zionist cause.

IN EGYPT, terrorism against the British in the Canal Zone took the form of continual harassment; murders were relatively few, thefts of property and acts of sabotage extremely numerous. Both in Egypt and in Palestine, terrorist activities forced the British into an upward spiral of expenditure. And, in the final analysis, neither was essential to Britain's survival. It is quite plain, from a reading of the debates in the British House of Commons, that terrorism was the dominant reason for Britain's decision to surrender

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the mandate in Palestine, and to abandon the Canal base.

It is worth emphasizing again that there was no "death to traitors" campaign in either Palestine or Egypt. Such a campaign was not necessary; the population, by and large, was in sympathy with the terrorists. The same thing was true in Cuba; there was no need for Castro's terrorists and guerrilla fighters to disperse their energies by fighting their own people, because nearly everybody was with them. These facts suggest that terrorism tends to win if the terrorists enjoy popular support, not if the support is itself imposed by terrorism. In the latter case, terrorist successes are short-lived.

Terrorism can be beaten, but only when the local population is out of sympathy with the terrorists and supports the measures of repression. Such was the case in Malaya, where the Communist terrorists were almost entirely Chinese in a multiracial society; or in Kenya, where the Kikuyu were only one of many tribes. The crushing of Mau Mau may, however, turn out to have been only a temporary victory. By 1958, a new secret society, the Kiama Kia Muingi (K.K.M.), had emerged — clearly the Mau Mau under another name. As recently as February 12, the British Colonial Under-Secretary, Julian Amery, told questioners in the House of Commons that the K.K.M. had gone very deep in certain areas, and added: "There is still a good deal of an emergency problem in Kenya." But it does seem doubtful that terrorism of the Mau Mau type will ever, by itself, gain political objectives in Kenya. A much more likely winner is African nationalism of the kind symbolized by Tom Mboya, who boycotts the Kenya Legislative Council. Mboya, who is only twenty-eight, was the chairman of the All-African People's Conference held at Accra, Ghana, in December. And in contrast with some other delegates, Mboya advocated a *non-violent* struggle against colonial rule whenever possible.

A FACTOR that needs passing consideration in connection with terrorism is world public opinion. In more than thirteen years since World War II, the tremendous growth of mass communication media — such as the international wire services, television and radio, and the new forum of the United Nations — has canalized public opinion as never before. Yet this great international outpouring of news and views seems to have had little effect on terrorist tactics. Terrorists are, by definition, desperate men. Adverse publicity does not seem to deflect them from their chosen course, although, curiously, they often go to some trouble to disclaim responsibility for atrocities — i.e., the Algerian F.L.N. In any event, the very growth of facilities for the expression of public opinion has been self-canceling: the voices condemning EOKA's methods in Cyprus were always countered by other voices condemning British methods of repression. In a different context, the limitations of international opinion in a world of sovereign states was exposed very recently in Cuba. Once in power, Fidel Castro set about executing his enemies in large numbers and after summary trials. And the process continued — though with less fanfare — well after the newspapers and politicians of other countries had expressed their revulsion.

The crushing of rebellions — as distinct from mere terrorism — is a different story. The British demonstrated how *not* to do it in Ireland during World War I. The blundering brutalities of the Black and Tans were self-defeating and the growth of critical public opinion played a part in the Irish victory. A generation later, in Malaya, the British showed what can be done by enlightened political concessions accompanied by determined police measures.

Batista, in contrast, alienated what popular support he might have had by torturing and killing captured rebels. The Russians, on the other hand, showed in November, 1956, how the uprising of an entire people could be crushed by tanks and a total disregard for public opinion. But then, this critical opinion came from abroad and never reached the Russian people, who were denied all but official information. Official terrorism still works, but only in a totalitarian state.

DISSENT BY DEMONSTRATION . . *by Vera Brittain*

London

AFTER FORTY YEARS, the international peace movement which began when the League of Nations was founded has suddenly developed a new phase of life. The change is comparable to that which occurred early in the century when militant suffrage stole the headlines from the decorous constitutional feminism which sought to educate and persuade.

Education and persuasion are essential processes; no sudden advance is possible over ground which has not been prepared. But in every campaign a moment comes when a few crusaders realize that their tactics must change. Such a moment is now recognizable the world over in the minority campaign against war. In Britain, those who perceive it have adopted a new name, the Non-Violent Resistance Group, which has brought into the news such unfamiliar English villages as Aldermaston and Swaffham.

For their precedents this group looks back, not to the useful campaigns which publicized the League of Nations after the First World War and the United Nations after the Second, but to Gandhi's Civil Dis-

The most recent book by Vera Brittain, noted English writer and lecturer, is Testament of Experience: *an autobiographical story of the years 1925-1950* (Macmillan).

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obedience Movement in India and to the non-violent resistance of the Norwegians against the Nazis from 1940 to 1945. The first brought Indian independence which not only cast off the British Raj, but transformed the long-dominant imperial master into a supporting friend. The other, though carried out by unarmed civilians largely composed of women, succeeded, for example, in resisting a Nazi attempt to dictate methods of teaching history owing to the simultaneous absence of all teachers from the schools until the decree was withdrawn.

Since the atom bomb obliterated Hiroshima, the developing threat of extinction for all mankind has led a growing minority to study the technique of non-violence. First they used an early textbook, *The Power of Non-Violence*, written by Richard Gregg, an American follower of Gandhi. Another, *Defense in the Nuclear Age*, has recently been published by the British ex-naval Commander, Stephen King-Hall, who interprets the same technique in more modern terms.

Within the past few years a world-wide crescendo of similar endeavors has not only brought encouragement to the small groups trying on their own initiative to break through the impotence and frustration imposed upon them by power-wielding governments, but has provided evidence of comparable thinking by widely-separated organizations and individuals whose only link has been the power of example.

The objective has not always been identical. At Montgomery, Alabama, the bus boycott organized by Martin Luther King was a protest against racial segregation and not, like most recent instances of non-violent action, against the H-bomb and nuclear testing. But each of these episodes has been a phase of resistance against the war on humanity by the possessors of power, and whatever the precise objective, the technique has been similar.

The protest might be made by an individual, such as Sir Richard Acland, M.P., who resigned his seat in the House of Commons to test British opinion on the H-bomb; or another Englishman, Harold Steele, who endeavored to get to Christmas Island in 1957; or American Earle L. Reynolds, who tried to sail his yacht *Phoenix* into the Pacific nuclear testing grounds. [See "Forbidden Voyage," by Earle L. Reynolds, *The Nation*, Nov. 15, 1958.]

It might be passive, such as the behavior of the British group which sat down on the pavement outside the War Office on January 11, 1952, after the British Government had decided to manufacture atom bombs; or legally active, like the march of 2,000 women wearing black jackets or armlets who, two summers ago, walked through London to Trafalgar Square in a sudden drenching shower to demonstrate against nuclear tests. There the writer of this article was one of a half-dozen wet and bedraggled women who made speeches from the plinth with raindrops splashing down their backs to a surprisingly large audience which stayed to listen protected by umbrellas. Another speaker on this occasion was Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P.

The non-violent protest might also be illegally active, such as the attempt made last December to enter the nuclear-rocket base at Swaffham, Norfolk, by a batch of demonstrators who preferred to spend Christmas in prison rather than promise not to return to the base. But whether individual or collective, legal or illegal, the newly-developed method offered an escape from the previous powerlessness of the ordinary citizen to dissent effectively from his government's policy.

THROUGHOUT 1958 these experiments multiplied, touched off by the American crusade for a Sane Nuclear Policy and the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, which launched its protest against the bomb in February with a mass demonstration at the Central Hall, Westminster, supported by four overflow meetings. A month later, Albert Bigelow sailed his ketch, the *Golden Rule*, from California via Hawaii towards the nuclear-testing zone in the Pacific. When he was arrested with his crew, sympathizers paraded outside the Honolulu courthouse carrying banners which bore the words "Let *Golden Rule* Sail" and "Stop the Bomb Tests in U.S., Russia, Britain."

In April, 1958, 7,000 marchers converged on the United Nations headquarters after walking ninety miles from Philadelphia. Almost simultaneously occurred a demonstration in Frankfurt, Germany, where Social Democratic Bundestag member Dr. Gustav Heinemann addressed 4,000 people on the theme "Atomic armament is a deadly experiment." In Hamburg, during the same month, another rally heard a similar speech "against atomic death" by the Socialist Mayor Brauer. Confessional Church leader Martin Niemöller conducted vigorous protests against nuclear arms for Germany, and Nobel Prizewinner Otto Hahn refused to work on atomic weapons.

BETWEEN April and October, last year, occurred the British non-violent actions associated with the now significant name of Aldermaston. At Easter, nearly 6,000 demonstrators met in Trafalgar Square, London, and over 3,000 of them started on a fifty-mile hike to the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire. From July to September, during one of the wettest summers within recent memory, fifty demonstrators staged a nine-week picket at this nuclear-weapons center. In October, sixteen men and women, who included the prominent Methodist preacher Dr. Donald Soper, conducted a six-day round-the-clock vigil in continuous rain and seeping cold outside the entrance to the plant.

In June, Earle L. Reynolds with his yacht *Phoenix* continued the protest of Albert Bigelow, and during the same month a week-long walk from Wilmington, Delaware, and Winchester, Virginia, culminated in a poster parade outside the White House. Two months later, Fellowship of Reconciliation member Kenneth Calkins organized a demonstration comparable to the one at Aldermaston, though the numbers were smaller, at the ICBM base near Cheyenne, Wyoming. Simultaneously a massive group of peace marchers in Japan spent a month in walking from Hiroshima to Tokyo.

These world-wide protests inevi-

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tably had their effect upon the British Labor Party Conference at Scarborough in September, 1958. Restive delegates compelled their leaders to agree that Britain should abolish nuclear testing if Labor won the next general election, though these leaders illogically insisted that they would not stop the manufacture of bombs.

This departure of key Socialists from Labor's once traditional pacifism was one factor which provoked the Christmas, 1958, demonstration outside the nuclear-rocket base at Swaffham, Norfolk. Here the Reverend Michael Scott, the Anglican priest who has compelled the world to listen to the African people's demand for justice, and who flew from the All-African Conference in Ghana to join the demonstrators, stood in silent prayer outside the base before the protest began, and was subsequently among those sent to jail.

Another Aldermaston march is planned for this Easter. It will take place *from* Aldermaston to London, since it is in London that the policies develop which cause the Aldermaston Research Establishment to exist. On Easter Monday the marchers will assemble at a mass meeting in Hyde Park, London. Deputations to British political leaders and to the embassies of the nuclear powers will follow the march.

It may be of interest briefly to trace the evolution of the Aldermaston resistance. In December, 1949, the pacifist Peace Pledge Union set up a Conference in Friends House, London, under the title of "Steps to Peace." Among a number of study-groups set up by the Conference was one on non-violence. For the next two years the group met regularly, studying the place of non-violence in pacifist philosophy, as well as the possibility of a non-violent economy for Britain which would respect the rights and needs of all peoples, and the aims and methods of a possible non-violent British foreign policy. It was from this group that the passive resisters came who sat down outside the War Office and were arrested when Britain adopted the atom bomb. Finally, the news that the bombs were to be made at Aldermaston sent a coach-load of demonstrators in April, 1952, to parade with posters round the still uncompleted research center three miles from the village.

Subsequent demonstrations, timed for the noon break when the Aldermaston workers come through the gates of the research plant to get their buses, received little publicity, but gradually led to the recent marches and meetings now fully reported by the press.

IN THE MIND of the ordinary newspaper reader following the reports of these demonstrations, two questions are likely to arise. First, why should these protests spread across the world and make such a powerful impact after years of virtually ineffective dissent? Secondly, how far are they successful in attracting sympathetic support from both the press and the public?

"The action at the Norfolk missile bases was both real and symbolic," wrote Michael Scott in the London *Observer* after his release from prison. "Forty or more people said in effect what has been said by English men and women many times in past history: 'We would rather forego our liberty by a deliberate choice than be party to a course which we believe to be fundamentally wrong.'

"They were not trying to force the Government to obey their will. They were only trying to get the Government and their fellow-citizens to recognize that the course being followed is one that will lead to people voluntarily going to jail. They hope to make people think."

This process of thought would undoubtedly lead a number of uncommitted citizens to realize that, whether they wanted to coerce their government or not, their government had long been busy coercing them—and without consultation. On February 13, the British pacifist weekly *Peace News* carried an article on the two White Papers on British defense published a few days earlier. The writer of the article, Christopher Farley, emphasized the "supreme contempt" shown in these papers for both the public and the Parliamentary opposition. "Apart from a few lines of introduction in one paper, the Minister of Defense does not think it necessary to explain or defend his policy. The papers merely contain statistics and technical 'progress' reports."

A fortnight after the Swaffham demonstration, the London *News-Chronicle*'s Gallup Poll showed that more people disapproved than approved of the British Government's handling of foreign policy, and the *Daily Express* poll showed a marked popular disapproval of any larger program of rocket development. Whatever label a government may wear, its contempt for such popular opinion is totalitarian in essence, leaving the citizens of a democracy almost as powerless to give effect to their disagreement as the anti-Nazis under Hitler and the inhabitants of the Iron Curtain countries under Stalin.

ALMOST, BUT not quite. The immense interest that the Aldermaston and Swaffham protests aroused, the space given to them in the press, the courtesy of the police while arresting the demonstrators, the relatively sympathetic reporting of the various episodes, the allocation by the sober and responsible British Quaker weekly *The Friend* of the first six pages of its issue of January 2 to a detailed account of the trials which followed the Christmas arrests, all testified to a deep if as yet half-conscious relief that a new way of saying No to war had at last been found.

Now that it has been said effectively, it is likely to be repeated until it produces results. The imminent British general election, due to be held in either May or October, will probably provide further opportunities for the dynamic expression of opinion. Even though the Labor leadership, according to its critics, is conventional and reluctant, it could find itself unable to resist a following which was already markedly dissatisfied at the party conference last autumn.

General elections tend to be occasions in which restraints are abandoned and people's real sentiments break loose. The election of 1959 could provide, in its own way, as surprising and decisive an expression of national opinion as that which startled the world in 1945.

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The Progress of Iris Murdoch

R. J. Kaufmann

His inability to write a great novel is a tragic symptom of a situation which afflicts us all. We know that the real lesson to be taught is that the human person is precious and unique; but seem unable to set it forth except in terms of ideology and abstraction.

THE moving final words of Iris Murdoch's brilliant little book on Sartre as a philosophical artist place him accurately; more important, they provide both a warning and a goal for Miss Murdoch herself. She is a sophisticated philosopher, and it is her evident aim to put us back in intimate touch with our own being by using the indirect and dramatic strategies of art. She pursues in the novel what philosophers have always claimed to seek — reality.*

She comes well equipped to this quest. In fact, it is hard to see what can prevent her from growing into a great novelist. Her books show an organizing intelligence of the highest order, warmed by an attentive love for people and things. She has the rich resources of humility, of learning and of wide-ranging humor — humor impudent enough for slapstick and controlled enough for that wry Tacitean irony which is nearly tragic in tone. She is a disciplined worker and self-critical enough to learn from creative missteps. In her first two novels her imagination was too free-wheeling and hyperthyroid, but as she has developed she has quit indulging in novelistic virtuoso turns on magic rites, scenes of wildly farcical cross-purposes and quasi-allegorical spectacle. (Waugh, Firbank, even Kafka have skimmed the cream here before her.) Growing fast, she has enrolled in the company of Tolstoy, George Eliot and D. H. Lawrence and seeks to match her powers against the inexhaustible contradictions of Yeats's "foul rag and bone shop of the heart."

This unsentimental concern for people marks Murdoch's activities in her political role as apologist for the Socialist cause and in her very distinguished professional work in ethics (she is a Fellow of St. Anne's College, Oxford). There, as in her fiction, a hard-headed openness, a discriminating tolerance, is clearly evident; it makes nonsense of the facile critical equations making her an English Mary McCarthy or Simone de Beauvoir. All three writers are incisive and learned in ways that lady novelists usually are not, but a kind of gleeful hostility towards their characters mark McCarthy and the French existentialist. Iris Murdoch is much more generous and hospitable to her characters than the former and much more intelligently perceptive of them than the pretentious latter. She is an existentialist along the humanistic lines of Camus and displays a real sense of the current Continental developments in literature. It is Iris Murdoch's strange privilege to restore high intelligence *and* virility to the English novel. Here at last is someone developing the breadth of sympathy and the depth of psychological insight which could enable her to take up the English novel where D. H. Lawrence left it a long generation ago.

HER first novel, *Under the Net*, gives the impression of having been written to an unconventional formula calling for relentless spontaneity. The result is amusing but pretty stagey. The book is more tale than novel, and follows the misadventures of its narrator, Jakie Donaghue, a hack writer with gifts, but lazy and ingeniously dedicated to failure. Only now and then does his reflective monologue swell out into scenes large enough to include other characters — a Guru-like screen mogul, a socialist orator, an ungrammatical logician — as active agents. The novel seems to write itself as Jakie, who is fearful and evasive of responsible love and duty, ricochets from one wild improvisation to another. This is good, it is fresh, and Murdoch has remarkable insight into the sieve-like character of Jakie, in whom reflection so dissolves all sensible motive that every move (whether it be kidnapping a dog movie star, eavesdropping on his friends or spasmodically attending to affairs) seems prompted only by external accidents. Jakie is funny, he is feckless; he is also Hamlet's shirt-tail cousin, his ultimate reduction — in him thought makes action impossible, so appetite and surprise supply what reason cannot.

The title declares the book's mission —to get under the net of theory in which we try to trap life only to find it dead in captivity for our pains. A good idea, *Under the Net* is too direct an attempt to move up close to life, to get it immediate in all its jerky, extemporized irrationality. Still, it is a brilliant book and discloses an abundance of intelligence as well as a painter's eye, a robust liking for the world of the senses and a poetic sense of place. What it lacks is the patient attention to characters other than the narrator as people in their own right. Murdoch does show, even in this first book, a generous tolerance towards her characters; but she doesn't penetrate them. She has never again used the philosophically constricting mode of direct personal narration. The price of fresh particularity can come too high.

AFTER a two-year interval her second novel, *The Flight from the Enchanter*, was as baffling as it was welcome. It is a hard book to capsulize. None of the conventional remarks about it seem right. The book is sparkling and full, but imperfectly successful. It is too hybrid. Murdoch wants too much from her material. On the one hand the book is a multi-viewed story of revenge — at least it could be called so if the story were told by a conventional intelligence. On the other hand it is an epistemological fantasia such as Pirandello might have written were he gayer and English. Rosa Keepe (of whom we see too little), is the heroine and central character of a group which has felt the ambiguous magic of Mischa Fox, a symbolically wealthy, mysteriously devious and powerful man whose special qualities are a talent for silence, an incapacity for forgiveness and a compulsion to reduce everything to dependency. Like many people who assiduously seek power, he seems not so much to want everything as to leave nothing free that he might want. By his silence and his charismatic charm (it is a weakness of the novel that the charm is postulated but never really shown), he appears to play the midwife to people's latent delusions both of groundless fears and unearned hopes. He is enig-

*Sartre: *Romantic Rationalist*, Yale University Press (1953), 78 pp. $2.50; *Under the Net*, Viking (1954), 288 pp. $3.50; *The Flight from the Enchanter*, Viking (1956), 320 pp. $3.75; *The Sandcastle*, Viking (1957), 342 pp. $3.95; *The Bell*, Viking (1958), 352 pp. $4.50.

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matic in an annoyingly theatrical way. Rosa Keepe seems to have been the only person able to refuse his dominating love and the novel finds her vainly trying to rehabilitate herself without him. The levering action of the book is Mischa's reduction of her to dependency through a blackmailing scheme of dazzling indirectness. Along the way, he casually wrecks a bunch of lives, remotely occasions a suicide, and at the end rejects a penitent Rosa. Yet he seems passive and puzzlingly guiltless. *The Flight from the Enchanter* leaves the reader in about five kinds of fruitful doubt and sounds the alarm that Murdoch is going to have to tame her ingenuity if she is to become the novelist she can be. She does just that in her third book, *The Sandcastle*.

This novel is as easy to summarize as the prior one is difficult. It is the story of William Mor, a public schoolmaster of real but diffused abilities. He is married to a clever, negative wife whom he fears and yet weakly relies upon and is the father of two children he hasn't the gumption or available imagination to reach with his love. He falls in love — something the reader knows long before he does (Murdoch's restraint is perfect) — with a young artist, Rain Carter, who comes to the school to paint a portrait of the retiring headmaster, Demoyte. Demoyte is a fiercely selfish, lucid old man who plays the role of a chorus of plain truth throughout. The story follows the outwardly inept course of Mor's growing love for the completely uncompromised, dedicated girl whose "sense of vocation is like a steam hammer."

By the honest, "hands-off" manner of her narration, Murdoch does two marvelous things: she makes the fly-blown subject of an affair interesting; and she lets Mor's numbed, scattered, forgotten feelings slowly find their way to the surface where they unite into a love which, with the most vital believableness, briefly gives him back an identity. The sustained delicate tact with which the author carries through this awakening from "the weariness tinged with amazement" which so often substitutes for life is evidence of a major talent. *The Sandcastle* is a rare thing, a plain book that is beautiful in its truth. When Murdoch dares the "anti-climax" of Mor's return to his family, she clinches the special validity of the book. She knows (as few novelists seem to) how limited is even a very good person's talent for truth. At the end Mor is not triumphant but he is restored. *The Sandcastle* sustains the proposition that so far each of Miss Murdoch's novels has been better than its predecessor.

This means that the latest, *The Bell*, has to be good. It is, and establishes her as the most potent English talent to appear since the war. Complaints about the novel's complexity seem to me unwarranted. The action is throughout purposive and self-clarifying. The story makes harmonious sense at several levels. It is a humane critique of evasions of responsibility — politically in the form of irrelevant Arcadian socialism; morally in the form of *ersatz* primitive Christian behavior; and personally in the form of pursuit of a vocation for which one lacks the will. Trying to parlay a desire for wholeness into a successful experiment in communal living on a modern Brook Farm, the people in *The Bell* are brought to grips with their own particularity, their own history, their own quotient of integrity.

Not all the dozen or so characters are studied in depth, but Mr. and Mrs. Mark, who are there to save their marriage by wholesome craft activity; Catherine, who mistakes an obsessive and undeclarable love for dedication to Christ; Nick, her twin, who finds at Imber only the way to suicide; and James Pace, a modern Charles Kingsley — all are justly presented if not deeply read characters. Only Paul Greenfield, a madly jealous husband whose immense culture as an art historian has no conditioning effect on either his manners or his human perception, seems a caricature sacrificed to plot. His wife Dora is as conscientiously observed as a person can be whose defect is an almost total lack of character definition. She, like the other major characters, slowly wakes to an identity; a modest one but yet her own. In terms of the image on which the book centers and which is skillfully ramified throughout the book, Dora, like a bell, possesses her own voice and her niche. So does adolescent Toby, whose direct contribution is to make an open passage from innocence into the near fringes of maturity. But Toby's portrayal, while sensitive, is really important only insofar as it enables Murdoch to get at the main character, Michael Meade, the leader of the Imber religious experiment. The patient, scrupulously controlled revelation to Michael of the human meaning of his homosexuality is to routine novel character study what removal of a brain tumor is to an appendectomy. It is the first thoroughly unpartisan and mature treatment of the subject I have seen which still stays within the confines of art. Murdoch's intelligence and humanity contain it. How long has it been since a novelist so hospitably gave place to the rare but unexotic *particular* within a view of the world so sanely inclusive and recognizable?

The Half-Open Spaces

SUBURBIA: Its People and Their Politics. By Robert C. Wood. Houghton Mifflin. 340 pp. $4.

Robert Claiborne

DURING the past forty years the lure of the suburbs has replaced the lure of the city as the prime mover of America's ambulatory population. Some 25 per cent of us now live in suburbia and the figure keeps going up. If there is such a thing as a typical middle-class American, the chances are that he lives in a suburb.

Professor Wood, himself a suburbanite, has produced a thoughtful and stimulating survey of the species. He has traced the call of the half-open spaces to its roots in American social mythology, mapped the social and political lineaments of the curious classless societies which now surround our great cities and dissected the complex administrative and financial problems of suburban government. The suburban migration, he believes, stems in great measure from the American idealization of the small, autonomous community. This ideal, which evolved in the Colonial era, remains so persuasive that the suburbs cling to their autonomy despite a level of governmental inefficiency sufficient to damn other communities.

If Wood's study is less than definitive, the fault lies not with him but with American sociology, which has failed to accumulate enough primary data to make a definitive survey possible. The sociological map of suburbia is blotched with *terrae incognitae* containing at best only the speculative contours of Riesman, Whyte, et al. Not the least of Wood's merits is his refusal to accept the occasionally inspired guesswork of these commentators as fact. For the most part he carefully labels both the speculations of others and those which he himself must put forward to present a coherent picture. Occasionally he falls

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victim to suburban mythology — most notably, and unfortunately, in his apparent acceptance of the cliché that a white collar and a white skin are the badges of good citizenship.

Suburbia, he makes clear, is here to stay. In one way or another — most conspicuously by means of state and federal subsidies — suburban government has managed to survive the ramshackle tax and administrative machinery which should have destroyed it. Having established that suburbia will survive, however, Wood is brash enough to question whether it should survive. In his final section, most stimulating and least satisfying, he attacks the suburban ideal as such.

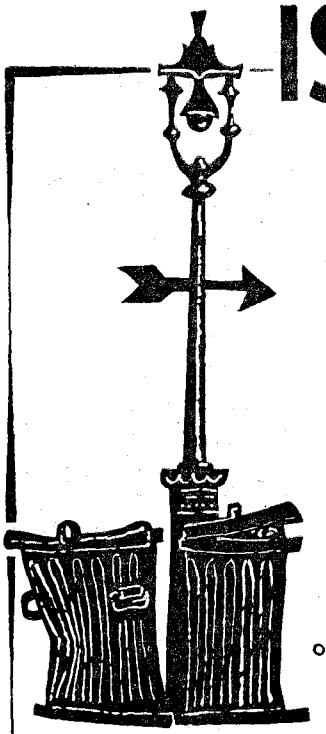
Most critics of suburbia, he points out, deplore its conformity while harking back to the equally conformist small town as an ideal. He himself believes that conformity is built into the small, politically autonomous community at all times and places. The social and political institutions of any such community, he feels, inevitably substitute a muddy conformity for healthy controversy, rule by clique for the rule of law and a kind of bonhomous Groupthink for individual freedom. His remedy is to fuse the suburbs with their central cities in "a gargantuan metropolitan government and social order."

UNFORTUNATELY, though Wood's case against suburbia is plausible, it is almost entirely speculative. For lack, one supposes, of contemporary data, he is forced to base his critique of suburban life on past critiques of small-town life. But the twentieth century is not the nineteenth, and today's suburbanite is a different breed of cat — or mouse — from his small-town predecessor. Urban nostalgia has doubtless blurred the deficiencies of the small town, but Wood fails to prove that suburbia must inevitably inherit the same deficiencies. One could with equal plausibility argue that conformity is built into American society as a whole. Class and geographical mobility, the assimilation of the immigrant and Cold War prosperity are only some of the factors producing suburban — and urban — conformity.

Moreover, the picture of urban life which he counterposes to suburbia seems somewhat hazed by distance. I doubt, for example, whether "government by law" is quite so typical of city life as he appears to believe. And to the extent it is typical it can too easily become the petrified working-to-rule of (say) the New York City public school system. Wood is doubtless correct in holding that the oppressive impersonality of urban life has been modified by political machines, which "grafted the intimacy of a neighborhood on to the organization of a political party." But alas, "grafted" too often was and is the operative word.

In fact, Wood's own earlier chapters make clear that the suburban ideal is more than an illusion. Not cultural lag alone but also contemporary social reality have led the suburbs to cling to their inefficient autonomy. Middle-class America, wriggling in the clutch of Big Government and Big Business (which are, in a sense, two names for Big Bureaucracy) has sought a habitat where it can be the master of its fate — at least after working hours. In suburbia, as Wood himself concedes, fighting City Hall is not mere Quixotery; the law's wooden impersonality is frequently softened by personal acquaintance. Some millions of Americans have apparently been willing to purchase these psychic goods at the price of conformity and inefficiency.

Whatever the validity of Wood's critique, therefore, his practical proposals must inevitably collide with the desires of suburbanites themselves. Until he or some other reformer can devise a way of incorporating the real virtues of suburbia into city living, his scheme for fusing urbs and suburbs into a bigger and presumably better metropolis is likely to remain on the pages of this book.



ISLAND in the CITY

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by Dan Wakefield,
a staff contributor to *The Nation*

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Closing in on the Self

WORDS FOR THE WIND: THE COLLECTED VERSE OF THEODORE ROETHKE. Doubleday. 212 pp. $4.

BODY OF WAKING. By Muriel Rukeyser. Harper. 118 pp. $3.50.

M. L. Rosenthal

PICK UP one of Theodore Roethke's longer poems and you are confronted with a stunning mishmash of agonized gibber, described by the poet himself in an essay written some years ago as "the muck and welter, the dark, the *dreck*" of his verse. The same essay ("Open Letter," published in Ciardi's *Mid-Century American Poets*) asserts that he nevertheless counts himself "among the happy poets." And indeed, Roethke at his best throws all kinds of dissimilar effects into the great, ceaseless mixer of his sensibility, stirring together notes of driving misery and hysterical ecstasy, of Rabelaisian sensuality and warm, wet regressiveness:

> Believe me, knot of gristle, I bleed
> like a tree;
> I dream of nothing but boards;
> I could love a duck.
> Such music in a skin!
> A bird sings in the bush of your
> bones.
> Tufty, the water's loose.
> Bring me a finger. . . . ("Give Way,
> Ye Gates")

Some of the allusion here is a little too private. ("Tufty, the water's loose," for example, has all sorts of obvious physiological connotations but probably has something to do with Roethke's boyhood experiences helping out in his father's greenhouse. And it would take more than a feather to knock me over if I were suddenly to learn that "Tufty" was a family nickname for Theodore.) But the passage as a whole, which begins the poem, is a wildly bawdy outcry of desire, thinly and wittily veiled in euphemism.

Later in the poem all this exhilaration withers up and is replaced by language of frustration and suffering, and then of a sort of minimal self-consolation. The over-excitement of the first part, in which the pain of the need behind desire was muted or hidden in humor, is balanced off by a gross, almost infantile desolateness. The images now are of impotence and shame:

> Touch and arouse. Suck and sob.
> Curse and mourn.
> It's a cold scrape in a low place.
> The dead crow dries on a pole.
> Shapes in the shade
> Watch.

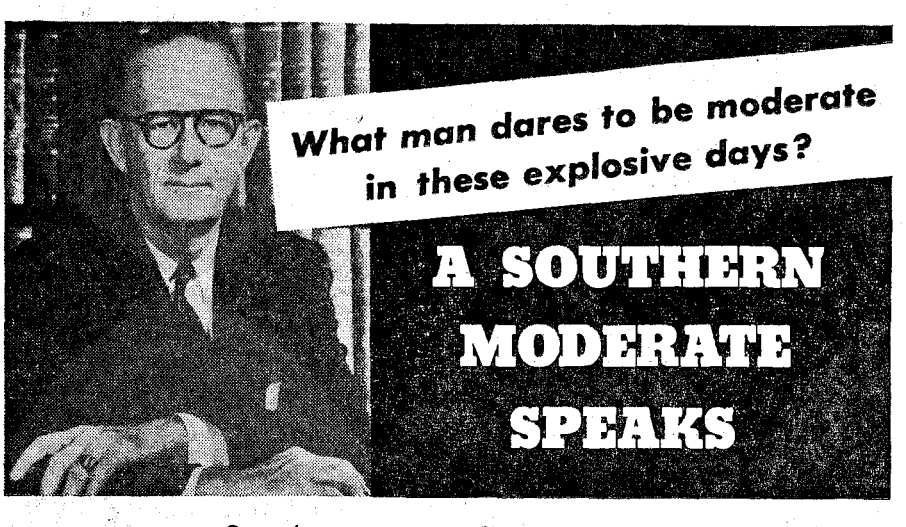
This projection without comment of opposed psychological states is characteristic of Roethke's most interesting work. A desperate exuberance that seems at one moment unrepressed joy of life, at the next the pathetic hilarity of the unbearably burdened, makes the manic-depressive mood-spectrum the law of life. Each opposite is implicit in the other, and that is the only necessary logic at work here. The universe of Roethke's poems is a completely subjective one — not what source of meaning the speaker has outside himself but how he feels within is the key to everything. The private sensibility is a mad microcosm; the speaker responds violently to everything that touches it; and he struggles frenetically to win through to a moment of calm realization in the sunlight of "wholeness." The ebullient anguish of poems like "My Papa's Waltz," "Child on Top of a Greenhouse," and "The Shape of the Fire" is a triumphant realization of the aesthetic of hypersensitivity. Consider the opening stanzas of "The Shape of the Fire."

> What's this? A dish for fat lips.
> Who says? A nameless stranger.
> Is he a bird or a tree? Not everyone
> can tell.

Water recedes to the crying of spiders.
An old scow bumps over black rocks.
A cracked pod calls.

> Mother me out of here. What more
> will the bones allow?
> Will the sea give the wind suck? A
> toad folds into a stone.
> These flowers are all fangs. Comfort
> me, fury. . . .

The reader will come somewhere near the poet's intention, I think, if he imagines the speaker to be giving a voice to the fire and responding to it. It crackles and whispers—what is the secret of its voice? There is a horror in that devouring sound that considers the wood or coals (or anything else) "a dish for fat lips"; the second stanza gives further images for that dry, merciless sound and its terror—the receding of waters before the "crying of spiders" perhaps the most nightmarish of them. The third stanza shows the speaker overwhelmed with the sheer dread of mutability and annihilation that has been accumulated through all these impres-



- as the courageous mediator who was at the center of the Little Rock school crisis . . .
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sions. The whole process is not so much conceptual as it is self-hypnotic. This is the shaping sensibility in operation, and in this sort of thing Roethke is brilliantly successful.

But it is not his only sort of thing, for in addition he often does try to conceptualize, and he tries to give his poems a further implication of victory over the frenzy through a Freudian rebirth of the Self. These efforts are not, by and large, very convincing. Thus, the last two movements of "The Shape of the Fire" are attempts to soar and transcend in the old sense—like the ending of "Lycidas": "To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new." But Milton had a vision of "the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love," and the mourner of his poem speaks to a completely different scale of values—that of the macrocosm ruled over by "the dear might of him that walk'd the waves." That is not the universe of Roethke's poems, and so his ending is contrived, though in its way lovely and delicate.

Something similar happens in "The Lost Son," whose title suggests the psychoanalytical, inward turning of the poet's eye. Roethke's essay "Open Letter" says of this poem that it is at first "a terrified running away—with alternate periods of hallucinatory waiting . . .; the protagonist so geared-up, so over-alive that he is hunting, like a primitive, for some animistic suggestion, some clue to existence from the subhuman." So be it—this panicky hunt for pre-intellectual sources of the sense of being truly alive is without doubt one of the real, if uneasy, enterprises of the modern mind. But the poet is not ruthless enough to carry the hunt through—any more than he was able to remain true to the realizations at the beginning of "The Shape of the Fire." He finds another clue to salvation, an easier one, than the frenzied beginning would imply was possible. It is the "lost son's" psychological re-entry into the world of his most vivid childhood memories—the world of the "long greenhouse" which he has called "my symbol for the whole of life, a womb, a heaven-on-earth."

Re-entry into this paradisal womb, one gathers, is the necessary preliminary for a rebirth of the Self. The true "coming-through" into mature, calm reconciliation has not yet occurred, but faith is expressed that it will do so—

> A lively understandable spirit
> Once entertained you.
> It will come again.

The promise is too pat and wishful—of a Freudian romance with a happy ending. As in most of Roethke's longer work, the dénouement does not live up to the poem's initial demands. Shorter poems like "The Return," "The Minimal," and "The Exorcism" are really better in the way they sustain a sometimes Dantean close-up of minutely detailed, realistic horror on the terms with which they began. I would add also the beautiful "The Visitant," the guilt-filled "The Song," the deeply sad and very original "Dolor," the dreamlike "Night Crow," and the sweatily, feverishly, embarrassedly alive greenhouse poems from Roethke's 1948 volume *The Lost Son and Other Poems*. Together with certain passages in the longer poems, such pieces constitute Roethke's more lasting achievements.

MURIEL RUKEYSER, a younger poet than Roethke, has throughout her career been concerned with a similar, and equally painful, search for wholeness of the Self. Though Roethke's is the greater "naturally" demonic force, she shares his gift for giddy release among the gaudy *Walpurgisnacht* images of the tormented subconscious life. She has fallen into various traps of overstatement, false emphasis, sentimental insistences at various times—I do not believe that the special kind of Romanticism she and Roethke represent permits of consistent control of materials and perspectives. However, hers is a far wider-ranging mind than his, and she uses her intelligence more actively in her poetry. There is nothing in Roethke, for instance, to match the general awareness of a whole world's interlocking meanings that one finds in these three simple lines of a poem she wrote two decades ago as a girl in her twenties:

> All that year, the classical declaration of war was lacking.
> There was a lot of lechery and disorder.
> And I am queen on that island.
> ("Nuns in the Wind")

More quietly, the opening poem of *Body of Waking* draws us just as directly into the poet's wider contemplations. We are shown people haying before a storm—not hoping or dreading, apparently, but just "doing." It is a clear token of the world's predicament and a clear call for accurate gauging of it—

> the sky
> Will not wait for this golden, it will not wait for form.

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or not—gives *Body of Waking* a poised intensity that is a new turn for Miss Rukeyser. "F. O. M.," her poem on the suicide of Matthiessen, is curiously objective in its backward glance at the significance of our period of intellectual radicalism between the 1930's and the postwar years. Matthiessen is the symbol of a violent maelstrom whose engulfment of individual lives was as mysterious as it was tragic. Earlier poems by Miss Rukeyser have been as turbulent and torturous as Roethke's, and in much the same fashion. Here she seems to have put the turbulence at a certain remove without denying its presence and pressure:

> It was much stronger than they said.
> Noisier.
> Everything in it more colored. Wilder.
> More at the center calm.
> Everything was more violent than
> ever they said,
> Who tried to guard us from suicide
> and life. . . .
> Defend us from doing what he had
> to do
> Who threw himself away.

Of a similar order of penetration and originality is "The Watchers," a poem about a marriage. The husband and wife are described in language suggesting both incompatibility and infinite mutual forebearance; there is room for the triumph of love through compassionate understanding. That summary may make the poem sound like something between a soap-opera script and a newspaper columnist's advice to the lovelorn—but in reality it is a strange dream-piece informed by an adult mind that does not fear its own maturity and the iron implications of adult knowledge. The same mature strength is to be found in "Rite," a poem on the American trauma brought on by a young girl's puberty—the fear of and for her felt by her parents, and indeed a whole culture's shock at the growing-up of its little girls.

To one who knows Muriel Rukeyser's earlier work, then, the most striking aspect of this volume is its controlled, inward calm. She has always had a remarkable lyric ease and musicality, perfectly obvious to anyone who paid attention; but the rhetorical and mystical insistences, and the endlessly involuted strugglings toward self-identification, of her poetry have in the past almost obscured these essential poetic endowments. Now they are more in the foreground, in such work as the highly imaginative love song called "The Young Girl of the Mississippi Valley" or the ingenious incantation for rebirth called "Mother Garden's Round"—

> Something is dancing on leafdrift, dancing across the graves:
> A child is watching while the world breaks open.

The translations from the Mexican poet Octavio Paz, which place a section of "pure poetry" at the heart of the book, symbolize the importance of this new emphasis. Indeed, so do the poems from Miss Rukeyser's book on Willkie: *One Life*, published in 1957; for though they reflect her continued interest in the dynamically representative figures of American civilization, they are all primarily lyrical in character. Here and there, certainly, we find poems that repeat certain old clichés of the Rukeyser vision—the over-assertion, as happens with Roethke also, of possibility or of the imminence of rebirth. But there is enough in this volume to show that Miss Rukeyser remains among our genuine poets both in discipline of style and in her contribution to that brave closing-in on the Self which has marked our foremost poetry continuously since the first World War.

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ART

Maurice Grosser

SOME thirty or more works of Raphaelle Peale — still lifes, "deceptions" and miniatures — done in the first quarter of the last century, are on show at Knoedler throughout the month. Raphaelle was the eldest son of Charles Willson Peale, the well-known Philadelphia artist, who, in his passionate devotion to art, named most of his children after painters. There were Angelica Kauffman Peale, Rembrandt Peale, Reubens, Titan, Sophonisba Anguiciola, and Rosalba Carriera Peale. Several even took up the profession. Raphaelle himself had little success in it. He seems to have been lively, unfortunate and somewhat dissipated, a good mimic and ventriloquist, and never prosperous. The miniatures on view are skillful and evidently very resembling. "His price is ten dollars" runs one of his advertisements. "No likeness, no pay." The still lifes which form the major portion of the show are compactly composed and carefully painted, small and neat, like Dutch seventeenth-century work but with none of the Dutch opulence.

The "deceptions"—cards and scraps of papers on a board — are microscopic in rendering. Even the news print is legible. The most engaging of the pieces, the "covered picture" called *After the Bath*, is a joke, a picture of a picture. It is a representation in *trompe l'oeil* of a painting — presumably a nude — which has been modestly covered with a throwcloth. The whole exposition is charming: innocent, historically not very important and quite delightful.

TWO SHOWS of the Belgian Surrealist Magritte are on view until the 28th, one at the Bodley Gallery of his drawings, the other at Iolas of his paintings. Magritte's work is the type example of "magic realism"; the painting is clear, simple and almost offensively banal, the ideas depicted elaborately obscure, and the titles completely mystifying. Why, for example, should a painting of a glass of water atop an open umbrella be called *Les Vacances de Hegel*, or a chair out of whose seat grows a lion's tail be called *Une Simple Histoire d'Amour?* A stone interior with a stone man in a stone Prince Albert, with a stone lion at his feet and on the wall a stone picture signed "Magritte" is *Souvenir de Voyage*, while the Tower of Pisa leaning against a feather is *La Nuit de Pise*. The only title making any work-a-day sense is that of a picture of a tree in summer dusk, in front of whose black foliage rises the crescent moon. This is called *Le 16 Septembre*, the day on which it was finished.

The images in the pictures are provocative and difficult to forget. The painting is less good. The naive paint surface and sign-painter's drawing style are unquestionably deliberate, intended to render more piquant the high sophistication of the riddles. Perhaps the joke is carried a little far. The drawings shown at the Bodley have the same subjects as the oils. Without the heavy-handed paint, they are more direct and pleasing. But of the oils, only *Le 16 Septembre*, with its convincing postcard version of approaching night, is seriously interesting as painting.

Magic realism such as this, with its careful edges and over-all neatness, may seem at first sight very near to the *trompe l'oeil* tradition of Raphaelle Peale's "deceptions." Actually, nothing could be more different. *Trompe l'oeil*, if it wishes to deceive the eye, must also deceive binocular vision. Consequently it is limited to painting shallow space. It can take as subjects only those without recession — such as letters in a rack or objects hanging on a door — and paint them as if lying close behind the canvas. *Trompe l'oeil* is a frivolous form of still life, and its tight drawing and concealed brushwork are simply further aids to the deception.

Magic realism, on the other hand, is a serious form of fantasy painting, differing from other fantasy painting only in that it attempts to endow the dream world which is its subject with a convincing air of concrete reality. For this effect it sometimes imitates photography — which our time is prone to mistake for visual reality itself — and paints with the all-over sharpness seen by a well-corrected lens. Or it takes advantage of the common symbols for reality to be found in naive painting. Actually, the visual reality the painter sees is much too complex for the camera's simple vision, or for the naive painter's limited formulas. Which is probably why magic realist painting often seems either over-elaborate or devitalized, and this despite the fascination of its underlying poetic ideas.

LEON KROLL is holding at the Milch Galleries, through March 21, his first exhibition in a number of years. Kroll is one of the deans of American paint-

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ing. He and Speicher are the two figures remaining from that great expansion of the twenties which contained Bellows, Marsden Hartley, Gifford Beale and Guy Pène du Bois. They were all more or less influenced by Post-Impressionism, and formed a group which probably will in time assume a great deal more importance than it is now allowed. Kroll's subject in the present show is principally landscape, with and without figures. The more recent pictures are dry and dead in color. This cannot be said of the large unfinished nude, painted along with her reflection in a mirror, sure in drawing and nacreous in tone. The earlier ones, in particular the *Cheyenne Mountain* and the *Summer Days, Camden Maine* (actually a picture of the Bellows' house, yard and family), are vigorous in surface and richly colored; in every way admirable.

EIGHTEEN works by Ben Shahn, in watercolor, ink and tempera, are on show at the Downtown Gallery through March 28. Shahn's highly personal painting is almost too well known to describe; according to the catalogue, examples are owned by fifty-two museums in America and one in Australia. His pictures are bright, flat and semi-satiric, in a style which evokes the painting of children. The line is dry and brittle, with something of the acrid wit of Klee, Gross and Steinberg. The composition, enormously elegant, is based on oddity of shape. The drawing is of the symbolic type in which five fingers with nails denote a hand. The color is beautiful.

The subjects of the present show are a great deal less biting than one expects: musicians play jazz; a man contemplates a molecular diagram; one called *Cosmos* shows two rich gentlemen, possibly capitalists, and a bunch of flowers; in *Conversation,* two men, having removed their masks, converse. It is all forceful enough but about generalities, full of references to science and the humanities. There are atoms and molecular structures, phoenixes in flame and mathematical expressions for the space-time continuum — all good decorative motifs. The pictures themselves are decorative, a little wry perhaps, and a little thin.

The room below contains a selection of Shahn's prints, among them, presumably an earlier one, of Sacco and Vanzetti in chains — intense, noble, thin and terribly pathetic. Then I saw why I was disappointed. Ben Shahn is the most wonderful political caricaturist of our time. He has gone respectable.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

OCCUPE-TOI D'AMELIE written by Georges Feydeau in 1908 and revived a few years ago by the Barrault company in Paris was a very funny show. *Look After Lulu* (Henry Miller) the Noel Coward adaptation, follows the play more or less faithfully and is in most respects sprightly enough to correspond to Feydeau's farcical masterpieces.

The production, directed by Cyril Ritchard, is not at all bad: there are some very able performances in it; Cecil Beaton's sets and costumes are gay — occasionally even pretty. It should therefore be easy to recommend *Lulu*, as a sort of theatrical desert for the carefree gourmet.

I hesitate, however, because the show doesn't altogether function. I might carp at some of the acting, despite what I have just said in its favor, because in a certain sense it is not "serious" enough. The lovers don't have enough zest, the *cocottes* are not sufficiently cocottish, the lechers not sufficiently foolish, the make-believe is too much make-believe. But the fault, I surmise, is not really in the actors as such but in the actors as part of the audience. *We* are to "blame"; we aren't well cast for this play. And the actors — though gayer and more eager than the audience—reflect the audience's unsuitability for its role.

The Parisian audience of 1908 knew the play was nonsense — a machine to make one laugh. But laughter doesn't arise out of a vacuum. The sources of laughter are always in the same appetites, pleasures, flaws and fears as are the sources of tragedy. A farce can strike an audience as funny only when it shares some strict moral code in which marriage, chastity and the recognized proprieties of social behavior are psychologically dominant and operative for the majority. The fun in Feydeau's farces springs from defiance of such a moral code — a defiance by those either rich enough to get away with it or poor enough not to be harmed by it. In either case such defiance is proof that the moral code, though vulnerable to laughter, is still powerful.

Our audience is not the least bit shocked by the Parisian cocotte of yesteryear and therefore cannot be truly amused by her. We can be sentimental about prostitutes but hardly entertained. The idea of a whole social category which flourished comfortably alongside, but entirely separate from, the institution of a tight family life isn't either an escape for us or an object of piquant curiosity. Our society today is amorphous; it is on the whole barely conscious of its moral ideas, too vague and general in its notions of proper behavior to become either indignant or intrigued by the middle-class hierarchy of the French Third Republic at its crumbling height.

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WHEN Arthur Miller's adaptation of Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People* was done on Broadway in 1953, the press and public were cold, and the play failed.

There were, it is true, weaknesses in the production, the worst of which was that while the performance was propagandistic in spirit, its execution was too close to an old-fashioned and half-baked realism. The result was that we had neither a new nor an old Ibsen. But perhaps a more cogent reason for the play's intitial failure is that very few serious old plays — "revivals" — ever succeed on Broadway. The audience responsible for success on Broadway's economic terms seeks novelty in entertainment rather than human statements. Unless a configuration of stars can be made to shine over an old play — which by and large means the best drama—the place for it is off-Broadway.

1953 was an inchoate time for public discussion so that *An Enemy of the People* probably discomfited its Broadway audience as something possibly tainted with political infection. Now at the Actor's Playhouse (on lower Seventh Avenue) the play comes to a raw and explosive life as a social melodrama — and none the worse for that. It is a shriek of protest against conformism. The play is vigorous no matter how you view it. The actors in Greenwich Village are very American and forthright, and though it is clearly arguable that their presentation is not "pure" Ibsen I confess — to put it in the mode of their production — I got a bang out of it.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

BY NOW, Glenn Gould, the young Canadian pianist, is almost as famous for his personal eccentricities (including a fantastic platform manner), as he is for his virtuosity and keenness of mind. All these qualities influence his new records of Beethoven's *Concerto No. 1 in C Major* and Bach's *Concerto No. 5 in F Minor* (Columbia ML-5298).

In the Beethoven, Gould adopts exceedingly brisk tempi for the first and last movements. This gives energy to the reading, and an air of youthful vivacity; at the same time, the type of brilliance achieved for the opening *Allegro* tends to lie on the surface, and the final *Allegro*

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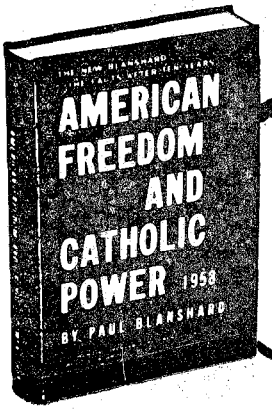

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Scherzando can only be called rushed. Indeed, Gould launches into it so precipitately that its first theme is thrown rhythmically off kilter and remains that way until the orchestra enters to set things straight. For two of the movements, the pianist has composed cadenzas which are frankly out of the Beethoven style. As a matter of fact, they don't even match each other. Yet there is something curiously appealing in their willfulness.

Gould's interpretation of the Bach Concerto is more satisfactory. He plays the fast movements with a consistent articulation that makes the piano sound a bit like a harpsichord. Some people object to this kind of Bach playing, but I will say in its favor that it gives immense clarity. When it is combined with Gould's marvelous sense of motivic phrasing, his joy in the music, and his rhythmic verve, I find it both valid and attractive. It is a pity, though, that his tone is not warmer in the slow movement, and that the sound of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Vladimir Golschmann is so close to dry.

Beethoven's *"Eroica" Symphony*, as recorded for Columbia by Bruno Walter and this same orchestra, again shows that quality of tone, so I infer that it is a product of the players and/or recording techniques, rather than the conductor (Columbia ML-5320). Of all Beethoven interpreters, Bruno Walter is most renowned for the warm and ample tone he can draw from an orchestra, and for the breadth of his interpretive conceptions. This performance, however, is just a very good Beethoven reading.

It is a far cry, though, from the peculiarly misconceived reading of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* which Ferenc Fricsay achieved, with the splendid resources of the Berlin Philharmonic, the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, and soloists Irmgard Seefried, Maureen Forrester, Ernst Haefliger, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Decca DXB-157). On these discs, everything seems slightly out of focus. In certain places, such as the open-fifth beginning, an almost Impressionist approach has been taken, which violates the music's basic mood and style as thoroughly as anything I can imagine. But that does not explain other passages, where supporting "pedal" chords are given strident predominance over important thematic material, or still others, where vital parts of the texture can't be heard at all. The readings of Beethoven's *Leonore Overture No. 3* and the *Egmont Overture* are similarly poor.

More cheerfully, I can report that Manuel Rosenthal has drawn performances of Debussy's *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* and *Fêtes* from the *Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra de Paris* which are as ravishing as anyone can ever expect to hear. On the same disc, Debussy's *Jeux* and *Nuages* come off less effectively. Their innately static quality is emphasized (or corroborated) to such an extent that the listener's interest flags (Westminster XWN-18771).

A RECORDING of Indian music played by Ravi Shankar, Chatur Lal and N. C. Mullick has been issued by World Pacific Records (WP-1248). If I am not mistaken, the composer-performer, Shankar, is at the very top of India's formalized musical hierarchy, and judging both by this recording and by a program of his music I heard a couple of years ago in New York, he is one of the most fabulously gifted musicians alive. In this improvised music, the quality of Shankar's invention and his sense of organization are so highly evolved that they speak directly to the mind and senses: the exotic foundations of the music are incidental, insofar as the Western listener is concerned.

Archive Productions has issued two discs, (part of the History of Music Division of the Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft) devoted to works of J. S. Bach as played by the American harpsichordist, Ralph Kirkpatrick. They include the six *French Suites* and a *Fantasia and Fuga in A Minor*. Kirkpatrick is not the most fanciful harpsichordist in the world, from a coloristic or emotional point of view, but he is cultivated, musical, solidly intelligent (ARC-3113).

THE Vivaldi *Violin Concerto in G Minor*, the Rameau *Concerto No. 6 in G Minor* (transcribed from a group of harpsichord pieces), and the Handoshkin *Viola Concerto in C Major* are recorded for Monitor (MC-2018) by the young Soviet violinist, Leonid Kogan, and violist-conductor Rudolf Barshai, with the Moscow Chamber Orchestra. The solo performances are good. Kogan, as usual, seems a little unformulated, but refined. Barshai is an extraordinarily fine violist, and his instrument (a Stradivarius which once belonged to Vieuxtemps) produces the most beautiful viola sound I have ever heard. As a conductor, he seems to be no great shakes, however, and the Chamber Orchestra has a consistently heavy-footed sound. Handoshkin is a delightfully fresh and awkward composer—his music sounds like that of an eighteenth-century Russian Grandma Moses.

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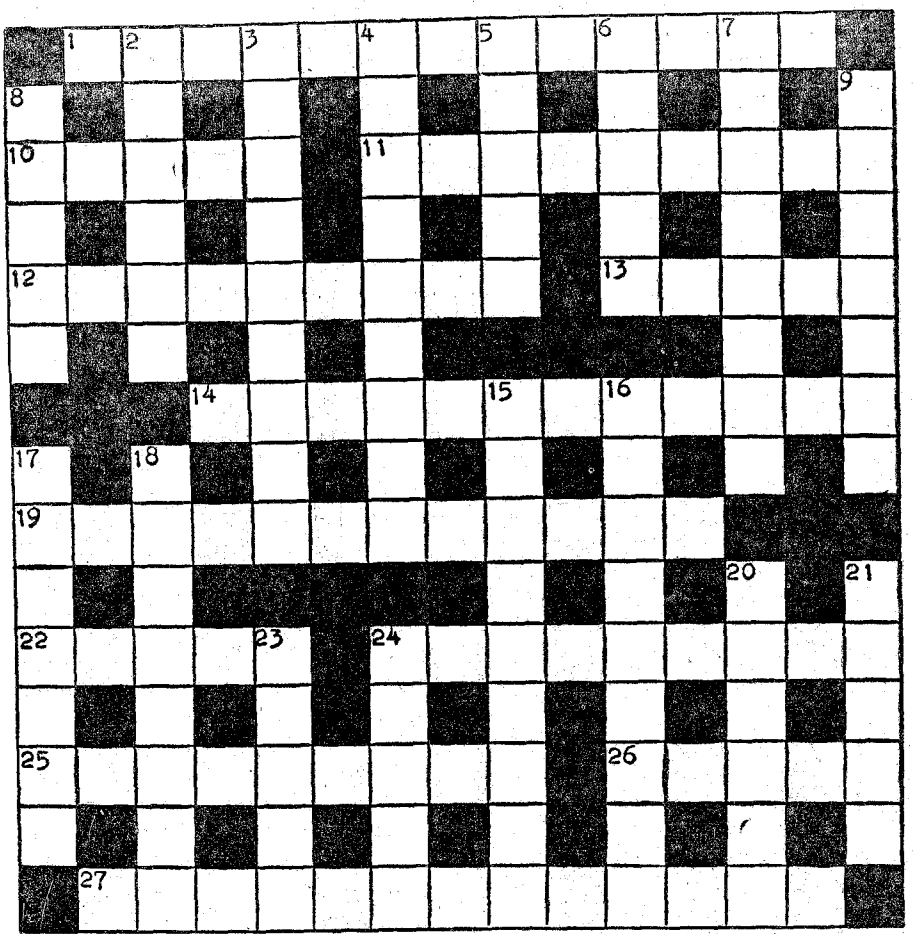
Crossword Puzzle No. 812

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The way a gangster might deceive a government agent, with time turning into alliance. (13)
10 A branch of the law it helps make? (5)
11 Take the place of speed? Sure! (9)
12 Not on top in the return transaction, and all washed out! (9)
13 Important engagements of July 1, and July 13, 1863, for example. (5)
14 A fine thing to trifle with, considering he used to carry the load. (6, 6)
19 The lasting effect felt wrong, continually causing sickness. (7, 5)
22 The garnish of Degas' pictures. (5)
24 Were homes located so indefinitely? (9)
25 Take a taxi to somewhere in South America, and rent another car! (9)
26 Was a marine type plucked by Holmes' harpies? (5)
27 Check for bond support in addition. (13)

DOWN:

2 The total project would be rejected, if wrong-end-to! (6)
3 Possibly three points, to boot! (5, 4)
4 Record color it seems, in doubt. (9)
5 Tied up with a little work losing money? (5)
6 Worn out, like any car might be. (5)
7 Sounds like an obvious pain to pass up! (8)
8 A dandy way to increase sound productivity! (5)
9 Cows? You might slip on one of them! (8)
15 and 21 The proper assemblage for the fete arrive, much in the same category as 19. (9, 5)
16 Take advantage of superior forces, however badly, between K and N. (9)
17 How one looks at sin? (7)
18 Make two friends be about the bottom of what is obvious. (8)
20 October generally provides it for the city. (6)
21 See 15 down
23 Rocks a body under, perhaps. (5)
24 Money on the scale of 5 to 1. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 811

ACROSS: 1 Subdue; 4 Mohicans; 10 Unlaces; 11 Ostrich; 12 and 13 Gainsaid; 14 Enter; 17 Imbibers; 21 Compares; 23 Gutta; 26 and 28 Finds out; 29 Overt; 30 Ingress; 31 Pattern; 32 Detonate; 33 Off-day. DOWN: 1 Sluggish; 3 Uncas; 5 Ovoid; 6 and 19 In the bag; 7 Aviator; 8 Sphere; 9 Espalier; 16 and 2 Top billing; 18 Bus stops; 20 Wantonly; 24 and 22 The dead of night; 27 Stein; 28 Onset; 29, 15, 28 across, and 25 Out of sight, out of mind.

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Criticism Of FBI Is No Cause For Investigation

When any branch of the people's government becomes so untouchable that criticism of it is to be met by a congressional investigation, then we are on the to throttling th and free speech.

Yet we have ing spectacle States Senator Jo Butler of Marylan ing he will ask the ternal security s tee to investigate calls a deliberate J. Edgar Hoove eral bureau of he heads.

This assau is evoked by tion magazi history and FBI and by articles planne York Post.

its and praise may not agre magazine's conc there is certainly no sm unless the finding t Hoover is mortal is to be interpreted as a smear.

The Nation has high prai for the manner in which Hoover quietly and effici ly rounded up N thizers and

Those Persistent Hoover Attackers

By WESTBROOK PE

Thought Control?

Has the FBI become so sacrosanct that no one can e think critical thoughts about it? Senator J as announced that he will ask the Senate S Security subcommittee to investigate "a deliber te smear c n against J. Edgar Hoover Federal reau of Investigation." The American Legion has made similar demands for Commu an investi on. The Senator would include the most Nation ma d the New York Post in gain quiry. The Nation devoted an entire issu to a examination of the con vement. s not agree with e thinks ticle of 57 rdless of e early his- ment no reas

CUSHING SAYS F. B. I. IS TARGET OF 'SMEAR'

Special to The New York Times.

TON, Nov. 16—The F reau of Investig director, J. gar are being su ected to attack" their zeal g the ies of this Richard J. y.

prelate of state em- mpaign was directed d Mr. ars, de- mmu- Ameri- nal and

He list pants in he atta En ency Civil Libert mmit ultie millic from and the m ine The bishop als ticized he ass d, had r Joseph R. Mc- nsin and "con- m even after

Why the Uproar Over Scrutinizing Hoover's Rec

THINKING citizen will nder why there is such a of protest raised about publication of articles exam- ing the record of the FBI and its di r. J. Edgar Hoover.

The Nation, liberal maga- is under attack for having published such an examination by Fred Cook, a reputabl reporter for the cons York World

reading, as he boasted Senate floor?

Why did he testify on th of former Atty. Gen. Brown the uproar that was occasi by Brownell's charge that mer President Truma ly promoted in th

Why the Attack On FBI's Ho

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

SLOWLY BUILDS UP. Fi "The Nation" then we hea New York Post"; then it "The Worker." will move attack on J those er is that t the secr at w

FBI 'Smea Faces Prob

WASHINGT Nov. 19 —Sen. Butler (day he will ask the ternal Security subcommitt — investigate "a deliberate sm campaign against J. Ed Hoover and the F

In any is that critic of warrants i ries us back cies which m the king a

The case Post is eve ous. Butle of Inve

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